

A NEW GRADED SERIES.



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étudiant à l'école Mod
St Lambert
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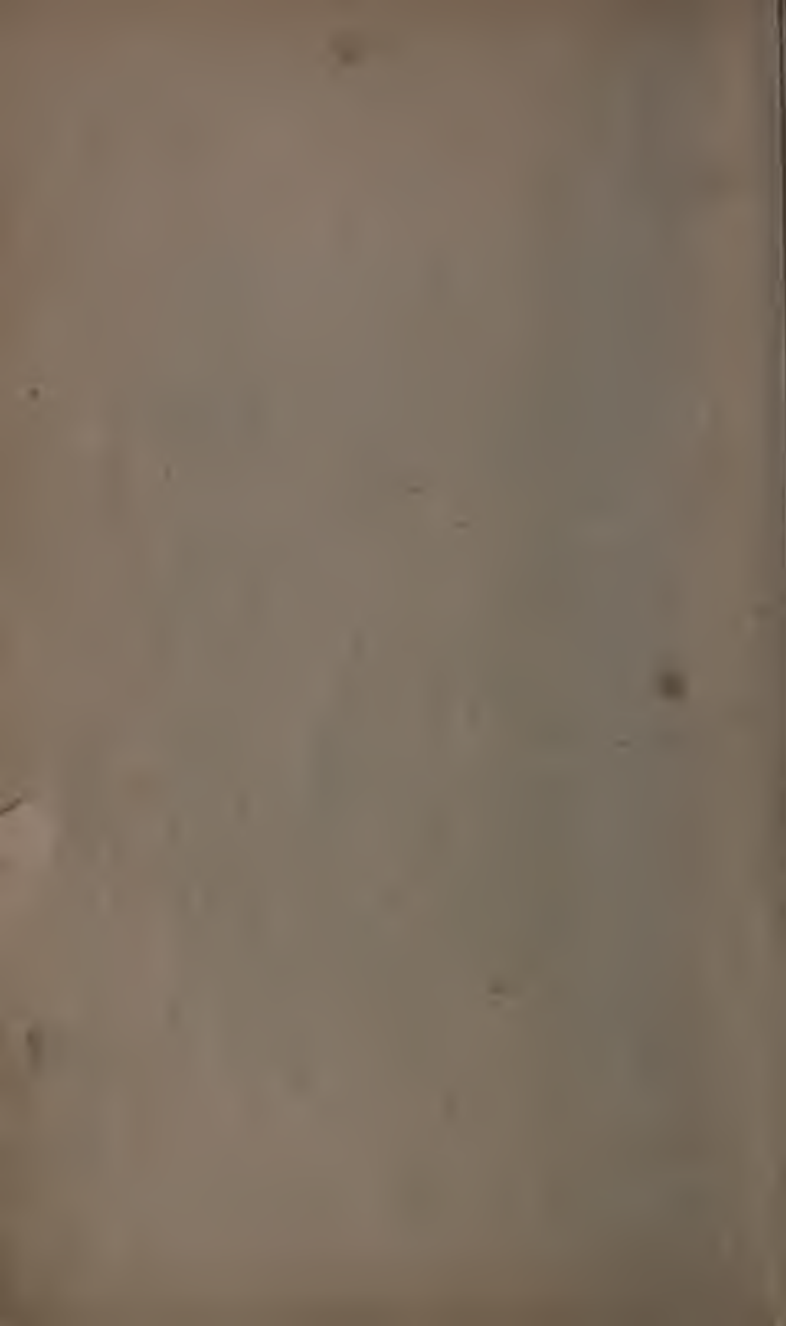
THE
METROPOLITAN
THIRD READER,
ARRANGED
FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.



BY A MEMBER OF THE ORDER OF THE HOLY CROSS.

Cum permissu Superiorum

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THE THIRD READER.

LESSON I.

THE CHILD-SAINT.

CAS'TLE, a great house.

SOL'I-TUDE, a lonely place.

HOUSE'HOLD, those who belong to a house.

NO'BLE, a gentleman of high rank

OF-FEN'SIVE, displeasing.

PRO-FANE', not good, not pure.

CON'SE-CRATE, to devote, to give one's self up.

IM-MENSE', very large.

WE read in the life of St. Stanislaus Kotska, of whom you must have often heard, that from his earliest infancy he was fond of prayer. No sooner could he speak plainly than his pious mother taught him the holy names of Jesus and Mary, and our dear Lord so drew the child's heart to himself, that while yet an infant he loved Him and his holy Mother.

2. He was no more than five or six years old when he would steal away to a little quiet room he had found out in his father's castle, and there pray until such time as some one went in search of him. When his brother Paul only a little older than himself, went to play in the court-yard, or to ride out on his pony, Stanislaus preferred to retire to his beloved solitude, and spend his time in prayer.



3. It was no wonder that Stanislaus was loved by every one, from his father and mother to the lowest servant in the immense household of a Polish noble. He was, indeed, a most lovely and engaging child; beautiful as an angel in person, his heart and soul were even more lovely in the sight of God in heaven, and before his fellow-creatures on earth.

5. Even as a little child he was remarkable for every virtue befitting his age. His patience, his modesty, his winning gentleness, made him the delight of all who knew him. There was one, however,

who did not love Stanislaus, and that was his brother Paul, who would rather he had been more like himself and other boys of his age.

5. Paul Kotska was not the least like his brother Stanislaus. He was proud and imperious, and despised his little brother because he was so humble and so patient. Stanislaus had much to suffer from his brother's hard, unfeeling ways, but he bore it all with the greatest patience, and never showed the least ill-temper.

6. Another thing for which Stanislaus was remarked as a child, was his great purity of heart. He could not bear to hear bad words of any kind, and he often fainted away with horror when visitors of his father's made use of language that was offensive to God. His father loved him so much that he would have him at table, even when he had company.

7. Knowing, however, that his little son could not bear to hear any profane discourse or evil words, the father tried to prevent any such discourse when he was present, and if he heard any of his guests talking too freely, he would point, with a smile, to his younger son, and at once the discourse was changed, because all knew the purity and innocence of the angelic child.

8. Such being Stanislaus Kotska when a little child, it was not surprising that he grew in holiness and in grace, and became daily more saint-like in all his thoughts, words and actions. He was but a youth when he obtained, after much trouble, his father's consent to consecrate himself to God in holy religion, and died very young. In his short life, however, he did much, for he became a great saint.

LESSON II.

THE POOR CHILD'S HYMN.

| | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| HER'I-TAGE, what is left | IG'NO-RANT, knowing little |
| one by their parents. | or nothing. |
| FISH'ER-MEN, men who live | TOIL'ING, hard-working. |
| by fishing | |

1. **W**E are poor and lowly born;
 With the poor we bide;
 Labour is our heritage,
 Care and want beside.
2. What of this?—our blessed Lord
 Was of lowly birth,
 And poor toiling fishermen
 Were his friends on earth!
3. We are ignorant and young,
 Simple children all;
 Gifted with but humble powers
 And of learning small.
4. What of this?—our blessed Lord
 Loved such as we;
 How He bless'd the little ones
 Sitting on His knee!



LESSON III.

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| TRAVEL- LER , one who trav- | NOON'TIDE, the hour of mid- |
| els. | day. |
| TWINK'LING, shining, but | MEL'O-DY, sweet music. |
| with uncertain light. | |

1. SWEET to the morning traveller
The song amid the sky,
Where, twinkling in the dewy light,
The sky-lark soars on high.
2. And cheering to the traveller,
The gales that round him play,
When, faint and heavily he drags
Along his noon-tide way.
3. And when, beneath th' unclouded sun,
Full wearily toils he,
The flowing water makes, to him,
A soothing melody.
4. And when the evening light decays
And all is calm around,
There is sweet music to his ear,
In the distant sheep-bell's sound.
5. But, oh! of all delightful sounds
Of evening, or of morn,
The sweetest is the voice of love
That welcomes his return.

LESSON IV

A SHIP SAVED BY A DOG.

IN-VENT'ED, found out.

TER'RI-ER, a small species
of dog.

SQUALL'Y, very windy.

LIGHT'HOUSE, a tower with
a light, to warn ships.

PLASH'ING, rise and fall of
flowing water



ONE of the most useful things that man has invented is the ship, by means of which he can go from one country to another, and does not fear to set out on the wide ocean.

2. But, alas! the winds, and waves, and rocks, sometimes prove too strong for the noble ship, and it is in great danger of being lost, with all on board of it. Here is a story of the peril in which a fine ship was once placed and the strange way in which it was saved.

3. A few years ago, an American sea-captain was given a fine little rat-terrier, which he called "Nep-

lune," and took with him on his voyages. Little "Neptune" soon learned to like the vessel, and would run up ladders like a little sailor; but he could not come down without help.

4. After the vessel had been at sea some weeks, when they came near the land, before it could be seen by the men, "Nep." would climb high upon the forward part of the ship, and snuff, and bark, and show signs of joy. His keen scent made him able to smell the land before it could be seen.

5. When "Nep." had been to sea with his master about two years, the vessel had been to New Orleans for a load of cotton, and was on her way out of the Gulf of Mexico into the Atlantic Ocean. For some days there had been what sailors call "squally" weather, and the vessel had not sailed very fast. Constant watch had to be kept, for all along that coast are long, low reefs, and islands, and bars, which have destroyed many vessels.

6. It had been the captain's watch in the early part of the night—that is the captain, with a few men, stayed upon the deck while the rest slept. The others, at the sound of the bell, came upon deck, the mate took charge of the ship, the men who had been watching went below, and the captain, telling the mate to call him before three o'clock, went to his berth to sleep. "Nep." lay at the door of his master's room, for that was his sleeping place.

7. In the Florida Straits there is a large rock called the "Double-headed Shot Keys." A light-house is built upon it, so that vessels may not run against it in the night. "Be sure to call me by three o'clock,"

said the captain, "as by that time we shall be up with the 'Double-headed Shot Keys.'"

8. The night wore on, and all was still but the plashing of the water; the mate went below to get something from his chest, sat down upon it for a few minutes, and before he knew it, was fast asleep; the men on deck, receiving no orders, supposed all was right, and one by one they too fell asleep. No one was awake but a little Spanish boy, whose turn it was to be at the wheel—that is the helm, where they steer the vessel.

9. Soon the wind changed, a stiff breeze sprang up, and the vessel dashed along at a great rate, straight for the "Double-headed Shot Keys." The little Spanish boy, half asleep at the helm, knew nothing of the danger, nor could he see the light-house from where he stood, for it was hidden by the great sails. But "Nep." before long knew that land was near—he smelt the land and saw the light.

10. He rushed down to his master's room, and barked, and jumped up into his berth. "Get down. Be still, 'Nep.!' " said the sleepy captain. But "Nep." would not be still, and only barked the louder. "Be still," said the captain again, pushing the dog away. Again the faithful little fellow jumped up, pulled his master's sleeve, and took hold of his arm with his teeth. Then the captain began to think something must be the matter.

11. He sprang up, and "Nep." ran forward, barking, to the ladder. No sooner did the captain put his head above the deck than he saw what was the matter. Right ahead was the fearful rock, and the ship

plunging towards it, as quickly as it could go. He seized the helm, the ship struggled, swung around, and when she turned, was so near the rock that in three minutes more, she would have struck and been wrecked.

12. The sleeping sailors and the drowsy mate were roused from their slumbers, and were not a little surprised to learn that only for the faithful dog, the waves would have already closed over them.

LESSON V.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS GRANDSON.

| | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| DAUGH'TER-IN-LAW, the | TROUGH, a long shallow |
| wife of a son. | vessel of wood from |
| VEX'ED, angry, displeased. | which hogs feed. |
| OV'EN, a place for baking | SPILL'ED, let fall. |
| meat or bread. | MOIST'EN-ED, being damp. |

ONCE upon a time there was a very old, old man, whose eyes were dim, his ears useless for hearing, and his knees trembling. When he sat at table he could scarcely hold his spoon, and often he spilled his food over the table-cloth, and sometimes on his clothes. His son and daughter-in-law were much vexed about this, and at last they made the old man sit behind the oven in a corner, and gave him his meals in an earthen dish, and not enough either; so that the poor man grew sad, and his eyes were moistened with tears.

2. Once his hands trembled so much that he could not hold the dish, and it fell on the ground, and was broken to pieces. The young wife scolded him, but he made no reply, and only sighed. After that they bought him a wooden dish, for a couple of pence, and out of that he had to eat. One day, as he was sitting in his usual place, he saw his little grandson, of four years old, upon the ground, near him, fitting together some pieces of wood.

3. "What are you making?" asked the old man. "I am making a wooden trough," replied the child, "for father and mother to feed out of when I grow big." At these words the father of the child looked at his wife, and presently they both began to cry, and were sorry, and after that they let the old grandfather sit at the table with them, and always take his meals there, and they did not scold him any more, even if he spilled a little of his food upon the cloth.



LESSON VI.

JACOB'S RETURN TO ISAAC.

| | | |
|----------------------|-----|----------------------------|
| PA'TRI-ARCH, father | and | RE-TURN'ING, coming back |
| ruler of a family. | | POT'TAGE', a sort of stew |
| BONDS'MAN, a slave. | | made of herbs. |
| DE-PICT'ED, painted. | | AR-RANGE', to put in order |

IN the picture you can see how they used to travel in eastern countries in the days of the patriarchs. At the head of the train you see the oxen



and sheep, and following them are the camels, in those days used instead of horses, led by bondsmen ; on one of the camels a woman is mounted.

2. The journey depicted in this picture is that taken by Jacob, the son of Isaac, on his return from a strange country to the land of Canaan, which was the land of promise. It was in Canaan that Isaac dwelt. The story of Jacob's youth, and how he came to leave his father's house, and his own country, is so full of interest, that though many of you must have heard it, we will go over it again.

3. Esau, which name means hairy, was the elder brother of Jacob. Hence, to him belonged the birth-right, or right of succeeding his father as head of the house. But one day, when returning very hungry

from hunting, he saw his brother Jacob cooking some pottage, and, in order to obtain it, he sold his birth-right to Jacob, who would not give him the pottage, unless he did so. Thus Jacob became, as it were, the eldest son.

4. But Esau now repented of his bargain, and grew so angry with his brother, that Rebecca, their mother, was afraid he might harm him, and sent him away, out of that country, to visit her brother Laban. This was the reason why Jacob left the house of his fathers, and went among strangers. He entered the service of his uncle Laban, and after seven years, married his daughters Leah and Rachel; for among the patriarchs men were allowed more wives than one. After his marriage he served for seven years more.

5. He then desired to go home, but Laban was so anxious to have him stay, that he remained for six years longer, making in all twenty. He was now grown wealthy in flocks and herds, and had a large family of children. But Laban had grown jealous of his success and did not wish him to go away. So Jacob was obliged to steal away, with his wives and sons and daughters.

6. So angry was Laban at the flight of his nephew, that he pursued him, intending to bring him back. But God, we are told, appeared to the angry man in the night, and bade him do no harm to Jacob. So peace was made between them, and Jacob was suffered to return into Canaan, the country of his father Isaac, who died whilst he was on the journey home. Settling down here, Jacob lived to a green old age, surrounded by many children and grandchildren.

LESSON VII.

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

| | | |
|------------------|--------------|--------------------------|
| AL-MIGHT'Y, | all - power- | PUB'LISH-ED, made known. |
| ful. | | EX-POS'ED, laid bare. |
| COM-MIT', to do. | | IN-DULGE', to yield to |

1. **A**LMIGHTY GOD! thy piercing eye
 Strikes through the shades of night,
 And our most secret actions lie
 All open to thy sight!
2. There's not a sin that we commit,
 Nor wicked word we say,
 But in thy dreadful book 't is writ,
 Against the judgment day.
3. And must the crimes that I have done
 Be read and published there?
 Be all exposed before the sun,
 While men and angels hear?
4. Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie;
 Upward I dare not look;
 Pardon my sins before I die,
 And blot them from thy book.
5. Remember all the dying pains
 That my Redeemer felt,
 And let his blood wash out my stains
 And answer for my guilt.

6. Oh! may I now forever fear
 To indulge a sinful thought;
 Since the great God can see and hear
 And writes down every fault!

LESSON VIII.

HUMILITY LEADS TO HEAVEN.

| | |
|--|--|
| HU-MIL'I-TY, lowliness of mind. | EN-DUR'ED, bore, suffered. |
| MIS'E-RY, want, hardship. | MIS-FOR'TUNE, sorrow, affliction. |
| SCAN'TY, poor, not sufficient. | SUS-TAIN', to support. |
| PIL'GRIM, one who travels from a pious motive. | RITE, a ceremony; the "last rites" means the last sacraments to the dying. |

ONCE upon a time there was a lord's son, who went out into the fields sad and thoughtful. He looked up at the sky, which was so blue and clear, and said with a sigh, "Ah! how happy must they be who are in heaven." At the same moment he perceived a gray old man, who was walking the same way, and he asked him the question how he could go to heaven. "Through humility and poverty," answered the old man. "Put on my clothes, and wander about the world for seven years, to learn what misery is: take no money with you, but when you are hungry, beg a piece a bread, and thus you will approach by degrees the gate of heaven."

2. Thus advised, the nobleman threw off his fine

clothing, and putting on, instead, the beggar's rags, he went forth into the world, and endured much misery. He took only the most scanty meals, spoke never a word, but prayed daily to God to take him, if He pleased, to heaven. When seven years had passed, he returned to his father's house, but nobody there knew him. He told the servants to go and tell his parents that he had returned; but the servants would not believe him, and only laughed at what he said.

3. "Then go and tell my brothers," said he, "that they may come to me, for I should like to see them once again." This request they also refused; but at length one went and told his brothers, but they did not believe it, and gave themselves no trouble about it. Then the young pilgrim wrote a letter to his mother, and described all his misery, but said nothing about his being her son. The lady pitied his misfortunes, and caused a place to be made for him below the staircase, and there two servants, by turns, had to bring him food.

4. But one of these servants was wicked at heart, and said to himself, "What shall the beggar do with good food?" and so he kept it for himself, or gave it to the dogs, while he gave the poor, weak, half-starved young man, nothing but water. The other servant, however, was honest, and took him daily what he received for him. It was only a little, but still enough to sustain life.

5. With this scanty fare the pilgrim was quite content, though he grew weaker and weaker. But when his illness increased, he desired to receive the

last rites of the Church, and after he had received them, the bells of all the churches, far and near, began to ring. The priest went back quickly to the poor beggar, and found him lying dead, with a rose in one hand, and a lily in the other. Near him lay a paper on which his name was written.

6. Great was the grief of the noble lady, his mother, when she found that the beggar was her own long-lost son. Yet her sorrow was soon changed to joy, for her son had died a saint; his poverty and humility had made him very dear to God, and the good mother knew that for the riches, and honors, and comforts, he had denied himself on earth, he had gained in exchange a crown of heavenly glory. That holy young man was St. Alexius.

LESSON IX.

ANCIENT HARPERS.

| | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| HARP'ER, one who plays on the harp. | BAL'LAD, a song set to music. |
| VERS'ES, poems, songs. | DE-SERVE', to be worthy |
| MIN'STREL, a singer; a wandering musician. | of. |
| EX-IST', to live. | PRE-SERV'ING, keeping, sav- ing. |
| CON-VERT', to turn from one thing to another. | HIS'TO-RY, a record of facts. |

MANY a tale has come down to us of the harpers who, in old times, sung, in verses of their own



making, the great deeds of warriors and kings. We who live in these days, when people seem too busy with other things to think much of poetry and song, can form no idea of how highly these harpers, or bards, were honored.

2. In some countries their art was called the "gentle craft," and they themselves were known as "minstrels." We find that, by whatever name they were known, they existed in every nation, since the earliest times. To show how long ago it must be since these harpers began to delight people with their music, we need only mention that, when St. Patrick came to convert Ireland to the Christian faith, he found many of them in that country.

3 In going back to the early days of all countries

you will find that the first stories of the nation, the way she sprang into life, and all the events which the actors in them wished to have preserved, were not written down at all, but made by the harpers the subjects of songs, which they learned by heart, and sang to the people. In the course of time, the first singer of these ballads died, and then younger bards, who had learned his songs from him, still sung them, and others, too, which they made up themselves.

4. Not only kings and princes, but every great man and chief, had in his household one of these harpers, who turned almost every thing he did into a ballad, which he sung to the music of his harp. Besides the exploits of the chief, his marriage, or death, or any event in his family, was made the topic of one of these songs. But warlike deeds were what the harpers liked best to sing. This is the reason why most of these ballads which have come down to us, treat more of war than of anything else.

5. In the picture you see one of these harpers, quite an old man, holding his harp; and sitting beside him is a man whom we take, from his dress and the shield lying on one side of him, to be a warrior. No doubt he is listening to the old minstrel singing of some great deed, and thinking in his own mind how much he would like to do something that would cause his name to be thus a subject for the bards.

6. In this way it was that the harpers came to have so much power as they at one time had; nor are we surprised that they who gave fame to all the great deeds of their times, were still more thought of than

even the warriors themselves. You will find that, in all ages, men who either sung or wrote poems, were looked upon with the highest respect; for the power of the bard or poet to make the verses we admire so much, must be given him by God, and hence deserves our esteem.

7. But not only were these harpers so much respected, they were also well rewarded by the kings and chiefs for whom they sung. They were not paid any regular sum for their songs, but whenever a great man was pleased with the ballad he had just been listening to, he would give to the harper either a golden cup or chain, or perhaps a handful of coin. As they were always welcome to every house, they had to spend very little for their support, and hence could become very rich, if they so wished.

8. It is hard to say whether this race of harpers did more good than harm, by preserving all the doings of the famous men and women of their times. For, of course, many of these deeds were not as good as they might have been; and, indeed, some of them were too bad to be read of with any pleasure. But it is true that we would have no history at all if we left out all the bad things that have been done in the world. There is one good which comes even from the wild ballads of many of these harpers, that we get a horror of the bad deeds they tell of, so awful do they seem to us in these songs.

LESSON X

ST. JOSEPH

| | |
|---|--|
| TOSS'ING, throwing up and down. | CON'STAN-CY, being always firm. |
| HAR'BOR, safe place for ships. | IN-VOKE', to call upon. |
| PALM, a tree found in Eastern countries. | GUARD'I-AN, one who watch- es over. |
| | SCORCH'ING, burning. |

1. **I**F sweet it be, from tossing on the wave.
At length to enter harbor's sheltering bound,
Or when from mid-day's scorching toil, we crave
On desert sands the palm-tree, and 'tis found ;
2. So thus from vexing scenes of fraud and strife,
Which daily meet our eye on history's page,
How soothing 'tis to dwell on such a life
Of patient constancy, from youth to age.
3. So slow to judge, so merciful when just ;
So meek when injured on most sacred ground ;
Thus worthy proved to hold that place of trust—
Angels might envy, did not love abound.
4. Henceforth united by the holiest ties
To Him, the Source of every grace and power,
Who with his Virgin Mother, closed thine eyes,
Well may'st thou be invoked in death's drea

6. Oh! then, remember those who anxious pine,
 With loving wishes, at their death to see
 Such guardians of their last farewell to time;
 Obtain that we may live and die like thee!

LESSON XI.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| RE-MARK'ED, taken notice of. | SUS-PENSE', not know- ing what to think. |
| MOD'ER-ATE, middling, not extreme. | CON'FI-DENCE, trust, faith in. |
| ANX-I'E-TY, trouble of mind. | SUS-PI'CION, a guess, gen- erally supposing evil. |
| PER-CEIVE', to notice, make out. | HOME'STEAD, old house long in the family. |
| DE-GRAD'ING, bringing low. | RES'CU-ER, one who saves. |

IT has been often remarked that the ways of Providence are wonderful, but we think we have heard very few examples which more clearly point out the wondrous manner in which He fashions His ends, than the simple tale we are about to relate. It is, alas! no uncommon one:

2. In a certain village, a good many years ago, Thomas Johnston, a man of moderate wealth, and much respected, lived in a pretty little cottage somewhat back from the high road. He had two sons, whom he did his best to bring up in the love and fear of God; but it was a task which cost him no little



anxiety, the more so that his faithful wife had died whilst the boys were yet very young, leaving him alone in the work of training them.

3. As far as regarded the eldest boy, Francis, he was at length repaid for all his care, by observing how the early wildness which had so pained his fatherly heart, was beginning to give place to a steadiness and a love of virtue which gave good promise for the future; but, to his great regret, he could

not perceive in John, the younger boy, any change for the better. John had very early shown himself a wild boy, nor did he give signs of ever intending to be anything else. Yet the poor father was in doubt whether or not his heart was really bad.

4. He was not long left in suspense. Whilst, with every day, the good Francis seemed to deserve, more and more, the confidence of his father, the unhappy John was seeking the company of bad boys, like himself a cause of distress to their parents, and was too surely on the high road to ruin. It is but too well known that when a boy or girl shakes off the yoke of virtue, their downward course is rapid; and so it was in the case of John. By the time he was sixteen, he was looked upon as one of the worst, even amongst his bad comrades. His wretched father knew not what to do with him.

5. Amongst the hardened young men with whom John now kept company, the practice of stealing was not at all uncommon, whenever the money to supply the many wants which spring from vice could not be got by honest means; but as yet, John, bad as he was, had kept clear of a crime so degrading. Still it happened that some scheme of amusement was set on foot by the gang, for which a good sum of money was needed; and unhappy John, giving way to the temptation, resolved to get it by stealing, since he knew it would be vain to ask it from his father. But how to carry out his bad intent was now the question. How do think he did it?

6. It came to his ears, just about this time, that his father, who made it his custom to go to the next

market town every week, in order to buy goods for his store, was this time going to send Francis instead. The truth was, the father, finding his eldest son so good and steady, wished to make him his chief assistant, and hence was sending him on this errand as a sort of test of his business qualities. Francis, carrying a large sum of money, was to start in the evening, so that by travelling all night, he might have the whole of the following day for his business. You may now guess what the wicked John meant to do. We shall see if he carried out his base design.

7. Shortly after dark, Francis, having said good-by to his good father, stepped out boldly on his journey, the money carefully stowed away in one of his pockets. But he had not gone far when he was seized from behind, his mouth gagged, and himself stretched on the ground, where two persons held him, whilst a third searched his pockets, and ended by robbing him of all his money. So dark was the night, that he was not able to make out who the robbers were. The latter, after tying his hands and feet, left him lying on the scene of the robbery, not ten feet from his father's door.

8. The latter, happening to come out soon after, found him in this sad plight, and was grieved less for the money which had been stolen, than for a fearful suspicion which passed through his mind. Next day he found that he was right. His son John, no doubt alarmed at the boldness of his own crime, had left the town. The wretched father could not doubt now, even if he had doubted before, who the robber was.

From that day his health began to fail, slowly but surely.

9. He never got over the shock of finding his own son a robber. He lived, however, long enough to see the good Francis taking his place in the business, and then calmly closed his eyes in their long sleep. Almost his last words were: "God will yet turn the heart of that unhappy boy!" Francis, now the sole owner of what his father had saved, went on his way in the practice of many virtues, above all, never forgetting the duty of charity, and ceasing not to pray for the brother who had injured him so deeply, but whom he yet loved as tenderly as ever. He often thought of his father's dying words, and thus there grew up within him, by degrees, a strong hope that the erring John would yet return.

10. One evening, some years after the eventful night of the robbery, he noticed as he drew near the door of the old homestead, in which he still lived, lying near the step, a man covered with rags, and evidently very weak and ill, and beside him two or three persons, who appeared much concerned about something the poor sick man was saying. As was his wont in such cases, Francis stopped to drop some money in the wretched creature's hand, when, to his surprise, a gentleman who was standing by asked him if his name was not Francis Johnston, adding, that the sick man had mentioned the name, and wished to know if that were the owner of the house.

11. A strange thought struck the good merchant, and looking earnestly into the worn and withered face of the poor outcast, he thought he could trace

there features he had once known and loved. He stooped, and applying his lips close to the ear of the poor man who gazed on him so fondly, he whispered the one word "John?" Something like a smile played over the wan features as the pauper murmured "Yes!" Thus they met again.

12. There, on the very spot where years before, in their boyhood, one had knocked the other down and robbed him, that one who had been the victim was now the rescuer. He lifted his sick and weary brother in his arms, and carried him into the home of their childhood. There, kind, unceasing care brought him to health once more; and, humbled by sorrow and much hardship, which are the fitting wages of sin, he lived many a year with his happy brother, to justify their father's faith in the goodness and mercy of God.

LESSON XII.

STORY OF A BRAVE MAN.

FRESH'ET, a sudden rising
of water.

ALPS, very high mountains
in Europe.

VE-RO'NA, a large town, or
city in Italy.

A-DI'GE, a river in Italy.

FRAG'MENT, a piece of any
thing broken.

STREN'U-OUS, very great,
very strong.

RES'CU-ED, saved.

A GREAT flood or freshet having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an immense fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the

river Aidge carried off a bridge near Verona, all except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer, who thus, with his whole family, remained surrounded by the waves, and in instant danger of perishing.

2. They were seen from the bank, stretching forth their hands, screaming and-crying for help, while fragments of the only remaining arch were every moment dropping into the water. In this extreme danger, a nobleman who was present held out a purse of gold pieces as a reward to any one who would take a boat and save this unhappy family.

3. But the danger of being borne down by the swiftness of the current, or dashed against a fragment of the bridge, was so great, that no one amongst the great crowd on the river-side had courage enough to make the attempt. A peasant, passing along, inquired what was the matter, and being informed of the danger in which the poor family were placed, instantly jumped into the boat, by the strength of oars gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the broken bridge, and the whole family descended by means of a rope.

4. By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat with the rescued family to the shore. "Brave fellow!" exclaimed the nobleman, handing the purse to him, "here is your reward." "I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant. "My labor supports myself, my wife, and my children. Give the purse to this poor family, who have lost all they had."

LESSON XIII.

GRANDMOTHER.

| | |
|--|---|
| WRINKLED, contracted in- to ridges and furrows. | FRA'GRANCE, sweet, fresh smell. |
| RUS'TLE, to make a slight rattling noise. | RING'LETS, curls of hair. |
| RE-VIVE', to come to life again. | COUN-TE-NANCE, the face. |
| MAID'EN, a young girl. | VAN'ISH-ED, disappeared. |
| | NIGHT-IN-GALE, a bird that sings at night. |

GRANDMOTHER is very old, her face is wrinkled, and her hair is quite white; but her eyes are like two stars, and they have a mild, gentle expression in them when they look at you, which does you good. She wears a dress of heavy rich silk, with large flowers worked on it; and it rustles when she moves. And then she can tell the most wonderful stories! Grandmother knows a great deal, for she was alive before father and mother—that is quite certain.

2. She has a prayer-book, with large silver clasps, in which she often reads; and in the book, between the leaves, lies a rose, quite flat and dry; it is not so pretty as the roses which are standing in the glass, and yet she smiles at it most pleasantly, and tears even come into her eyes. I wonder why grandmother looks at the withered flower in the old book in that way. Do you know

3. Why, when grandmother's tears fall upon the rose, and she is looking at it, the rose revives, and fills the room with its fragrance; the walls vanish as in a mist, and all around her is the glorious greenwood, where, in summer, the sunlight streams through thick foliage; and grandmother—why she is young again, a charming maiden, fresh as a rose, with round, rosy cheeks, fair bright ringlets, and a figure pretty and graceful, but the eyes—those mild, saintly eyes—are the same. They have been left to grandmother.

4. At her side sits a young man, tall and strong; he gives her a rose, and she smiles. Grandmother cannot smile like that now. Yes, she is smiling at the memory of that day, and many thoughts and memories of the past; but the handsome young man is gone, and the rose has withered in the old book; and grandmother is sitting there, again an old woman, looking down upon the withered rose in the book.

5. Grandmother is dead now. She had been sitting in her arm-chair, telling us a long, beautiful tale; and when it was finished, she said she was tired, and leaned her head back to sleep awhile. We could hear her gentle breathing as she slept; gradually it became quieter and calmer, and on her countenance beamed happiness and peace. It was as if lighted up with a ray of sunshine. She smiled once more, and then people said she was dead.

6. She was laid in a black coffin, looking mild and beautiful in the white folds of the shrouded linen, though her eyes were closed: but every wrinkle had

vanished, her hair looked white and silvery, and around her mouth lingered a sweet smile. We did not feel at all afraid to look at the corpse of her who had been such a dear, good grandmother. The prayer-book, in which the rose still lay, was placed under her head, for so she had wished it. And then they buried grandmother.

7. The moon shone down upon the grave, but the dead was not there. Every child could go safely, even at night, and pluck a rose from the tree by the churchyard wall. The dead knows more than we do who are living. They know what a terror would come upon us if such a strange thing were to happen as the appearance of a dead person among us. They are better off than we are; the dead return no more. The earth has been heaped on the coffin, and it is earth only that lies within it.

8. The leaves of the prayer-book are dust, and the rose, with all its memories, has crumbled to dust also. But over the grave fresh roses bloom, the nightingale sings, and the organ sounds; and there still lives a remembrance of old grandmother, with the loving gentle eyes that always looked young. Our eyes shall once again behold dear grandmother, young and beautiful as when, for the first time, she kissed the red rose, that is now dust in the grave.



LESSON XIV.

THE FIRESIDE.

| | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| MEAS'URE, a strain of music. | PO'ET, one who makes verses. |
| REV'EL, a gay scene. | PA'TRI-OT, one who loves his country. |
| FES'TIVE, joyous, merry. | EN-SHRIN'ED, kept carefully. |
| DEATH'LESS, that cannot die. | E-LY'SI-AN, blissful. |
| WAR'LIKE, like war. | |



I HAVE tasted all life's pleasures; I have
 I snatched at all its joys;
 The dance's merry measures, and the revel's
 festive noise;
 Though wit flashed bright the livelong night, and
 flowed the ruby tide,
 I sighed for thee, I sighed for thee, my own fire-
 side!

2. How sweet to turn, at evening's close, from all our
cares away,
And end in calm, serene repose, the swiftly passing
day !
The pleasant books, the smiling looks, of sisters or
of bride ;
All fairy ground doth make around one's own fire-
side !
3. The poet sings his deathless songs, the sage his
lore repeats ;
The patriot tells his country's wrongs, the chief
his warlike feats ;
Though far away may be their clay, and gone
their earthly pride,
Each godlike mind, in books enshrined, still haunts
my fireside.
4. Oh ! let me glance a moment through the coming
crowd of years,
Their triumphs or their failures, their sunshine or
their tears ;
How poor or great may be my fate, I care not
what betide,
So peace and love but hallow thee, my own fire-
side !
- 5 Still let me hold the vision close, and closer to my
sight ;
Still, still in hopes elysian, let my spirit wing its
flight ;
Still let me dream, life's shadowy stream may
yield from out its tide,
A mind at rest, a tranquil breast, a quiet fireside '

LESSON XV.

THE BUCKWHEAT.

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|-----------------------------------|---|
| VIO-LENT, very fierce. | TER'RIBLE, frightful, fearful. |
| VEN'ER-A-BLE, aged, respectable. | LIGHT'NING, the flash of light seen with thunder. |
| SUR-ROUND'ING, lying round about. | SPAR'ROW, a very slender bird. |
| OP'POSITE, right in front of. | CHEER'FUL, light of heart. |

VERY often, after a violent thunder-storm, a field of buckwheat appears blackened and singed, as if a flame of fire had passed over it. The country people say that this appearance is caused by lightning; but I will tell you what the sparrow says, and the sparrow heard it from an old willow-tree, which grew near a field of buckwheat, and is there still. It is a large, venerable tree, though a little crippled by age. The trunk has been split, and out of the crevice grass and brambles grow.

2. The tree bends forward slightly, and the branches hang quite down to the ground, just like green hair. Corn grows in all the surrounding fields; not only rye and barley, but oats—pretty oats, that, when ripe, look like a number of little golden canary-birds, sitting on a bough. The corn has a smiling look, and the heaviest and richest ears bend their heads low, as if in pious humility.

3. Once there was also a field of buckwheat, and

this field was exactly opposite to the old willow-tree. The buckwheat did not bend like the other grain, but erected its head proudly and stiffly on the stem. "I am as valuable as any other corn," said he, "and I am much handsomer; my flowers are as beautiful as the bloom of the apple-blossom, and it is a pleasure to look at me. Do you know of anything prettier than I am, you old willow-tree?"

4. And the willow-tree nodded his head, as if he would say, "Indeed, I do!" But the buckwheat spread itself out with pride, and said, "Stupid tree; he is so old that grass grows out of his body!" There arose a very terrible storm. All the field-flowers folded their leaves together, or bowed their little heads, while the storm passed over them, but the buckwheat stood erect in its pride. "Bend your head as we do," said the flowers. "I have no occasion to do so," replied the buckwheat.

5 "Bend your heads as we do," cried the ears of corn; "the angel of the storm is coming; his wings spread from the sky above to the earth beneath. He will strike you down before you can cry for mercy." "But I will not bend my head," said the buckwheat. "Close your flowers and bend your leaves," said the old willow-tree. Do not look at the lightning when the cloud bursts; even men cannot do that. In a flash of lightning heaven opens, and we can look in; but the sight will strike even human beings blind.

6. "What, then, must happen to us who only grow out of the earth, and are so inferior to them, if we venture to do so?" "Inferior, indeed!" said the

buckwheat. "Now I intend to have a peep into heaven!" Proudly and boldly he looked up, while the lightning flashed across the sky, as if the whole world were in flames.

7. When the dreadful storm had passed, the flowers and the corn raised their drooping heads in the pure still air, refreshed by the rain, but the buckwheat lay like a weed in the field, burnt to blackness by the lightning. The branches of the old willow-tree rustled in the wind, and large water-drops fell from his green leaves as if the old willow were weeping.

8. Then the sparrows asked why he was weeping, when all around seemed so cheerful. "See," they said, "how the sun shines, and the clouds float in the blue sky. Do you not smell the sweet perfume from flower and bush? Wherefore do you weep, old willow-tree?" Then the willow told them of the haughty pride of the buckwheat, and of the punishment which followed in consequence.

This is the story told to me by the sparrows one evening, when I begged them to relate some tale to me.



LESSON XVI.

A HAPPY DEATH.

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| RE-PENT'ANCE, sorrow for sin. | TWILIGHT, the last light of evening. |
| FES'TI-VAL, a day of great joy. | MON'U-MENT, a stone or pillar in memory of the dead. |
| GLIDED, passed quietly. | FUL-FIL'MENT, the obtaining of what one wishes for. |
| DIS-MIS'SAL, permission to retire. | PEN'I-TENT, one who is sorry for sin. |
| RE-CALL'ED, brought to mind. | RE-QUEST', favor. |
| DE-PEND'ENTS, faithful servants. | |

THE last day of April came, and the chapel was decked with flowers. It was a day which never came round without stirring many thoughts and feelings within Aloys. It was the period of his own repentance and his entrance on a new life; and on the following day of festival—that day of gladness in nature, and in old custom, and in the Church—Aloys remembered the departure of his lost brother and sister; lost both of them for a time, but his brother partly regained.

2. His sister still was lost to him. One present wish, his last on earth, burned within him with increasing strength, whilst his powers were failing him, and earthly thoughts faded away. Through those days of peace which had glided on since his

return—that patient waiting for his dismissal—that unbroken course of holy services—through all the sights which belonged to his birthplace, and recalled his childhood—through all the words of love and holiness that Father Martin spoke—all the acts of fond and faithful service done for him by his faithful dependents—through all his hopes of future happiness—through all, that fervent wish still burned.

3. And now, when the evening service was ended, Aloys still knelt upon the pavement of the chapel. The twilight was closing in, as it had done on the evening of his repentant thoughts, and he could see dimly the images of his parents laid, in the repose of prayer, upon their monument. With clasped hands Aloys knelt, earnestly praying for the fulfilment of his heart's one wish yet unfulfilled, earnestly striving to obtain it. That one wish granted, might he, too, lie down in peace.

4. He heard a movement within the chapel, which caused him to look round. There was a rustling sound, and through the dusk, he saw a figure approaching him wrapped in loose garments. There was a moment's pause, and his heart beat quick. Then a faint voice said, "Aloys!" He rose, and his steps did not falter as he went to meet her who thus addressed him, as he held out his arms towards her. But not into his arms did she throw herself, but at his feet.

5. "Aloys, my pure-hearted, my holy brother, can you receive back a penitent? After so many years of pride, of vanity, of self-will—with so much to repent, so much to efface—Aloys, can you receive me here?"

He raised her in his arms, for his strength seemed restored to him in that moment. He led her to the monument of their parents, and there he knelt down by her side.

6. She sobbed aloud, whilst he wept silently; and then, leading her still, he took her out of the chapel, and went with her to Father Martin's chamber. When he had seen her kneel before their father, he went down again to the chapel. The rising moon shed a soft light as he entered. He knelt upon the pavement as before, but now in thanksgiving.

7. A rapture of fervent gratitude, a tumult of joy, and all was still. Before the dawn of the bright May-day, Aloys lay dead upon the chapel floor.

Father Martin did not forget the request that he had made. A stone like that which covered Oliver's resting-place was laid over the grave of Aloys, with a like prayer for mercy; and, after many years of penitence, Mabilia's grave was marked out by a third stone like the two others.

LESSON XVII.

RUINS.

ME-MEN'TO, a reminder.

FEUD'AL, a term used in
the middle ages.

SANC'TI-FI-ED, made holy

ARCH'I-TECT, one who plans
buildings,

1. **R**ISING from the earth's green bosom,
Scatter'd over every land,

Proud mementoes of the glory
 Of departed ages stand :
 Ruins of strong feudal castles,
 That have braved war's fiercest rage,
 Bow their heads like stern old warriors,
 Battle-scarr'd and crushed with age.



2. Ruins, too, of grand old temples,
 Round whose shrines, in ancient days,
 Priest and warrior, king and peasant,
 Bent the knee in prayer and praise.
 Sanctified by saintly worship,
 They should stand though others fall ;

But the hand of the destroyer, Time,
Is sweeping over all.

3. Sad it is to gaze upon them,—
Castle, cloister, shrine, and dome,—
And to think that all earth's glories
Must at last to ruin come ;
That with wrecks the passing ages
All the universe must fill ;
But each day we see around us
Ruins grander, sadder still,—
4. Fallen columns, crumbling arches,
In the temple of the soul,
That should stand in primal beauty
While unnumbered ages roll ;
Glorious souls, for bliss created,
Turning from their heavenward way,
From a Father's love and mercy,
Bow them down to gods of clay.
5. Wrecks of minds, whose soaring pinions
Ne'er should touch earth's dust and mould
Bending from the gates of glory,
Down to worship gods of gold.
Mournful as it is to witness
Shrine and palace crumbling low,
Wrecks of God's fair human temples
Are the saddest earth can show.
6. But as round each mouldering palace
Close the sheltering ivy creeps,
So the vine of prayer, or preaching,
Still from utter ruin keeps

The soul's temple, till its fragments,
 By our tears, be cleansed from stain—
 When the Architect Almighty
 Shall rebuild them all again.

LESSON XVIII.

A COAL-MINE.

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|---|-----------------------------|
| IM-AG'INE, to form an idea, to fancy. | SHAFT, entrance to a mine. |
| CRANE, post and cross-piece used for a pulley. | TRAM'WAY, narrow railway. |
| PUL'LEY, small wheel, with a groove for the rope that turns it. | VEN'TI-LATE, to let in air. |
| | WIELD'ING, handling, using. |
| | GAL'LER-Y, long passage. |
| | RA-PID'I-TY, swiftness. |

PERHAPS few of you who have so often seen coal burned in cooking-stoves and grates, have any idea of how it is dug out of the earth. In order to show you how this is done, imagine yourselves in the north of England, and that we are going together to see a coal-mine. The first sign of the mouth of the pit will be a few sheds and large heaps of coal-dust, and there we shall see the crane and pulleys hanging over the mouth of the shaft, which looks like a very deep well.

2. We must put on miners' dresses before we can go down; then we must step into the iron bucket or tub, which is long enough to hold quite a party at once. In we step, the chains rattle, and away we go

down; but we do not feel the motion, only the round hole at the top of the shaft seems to fly away upward. In about four minutes we are at the bottom. Some of these shafts are twelve hundred, and one sixteen hundred feet in depth.

3. Arrived at the bottom, as soon as our eyes are used to the dim, glimmering light of the oil-lamps and pit-candles, we see a number of passages cut out of the coal, and trains of coal-wagons drawn along iron tramways by horses or ponies. The air of the pit seems to agree so well with these animals, that they are always fat and sleek, not seeming to suffer as the men and boys do, who are very often thin and pale.

4. We must each take a candle in our hand and march along the mainway, which is high enough for us to walk upright. Soon we find a heavy door, which is placed here for ventilation; for all mines are ventilated by having two shafts, which are called the *up-cast* and *down-cast*; the latter serves to feed the large ventilating furnace with air which it draws down, while the former, at the bottom of which the furnace is usually placed, acts as chimney and carries off the smoke and foul air of the mine.

5. Of course these shafts must be so placed as that the fresh air shall have to pass through all the main passages before it reaches the furnace, and to regulate the currents of air, doors are placed. These doors are kept by little boys, called *trappers*, who sit behind the door and pull it open with a cord; these poor little fellows sit all day alone in the dark. Further on we come to boys and lads at

work, who are called *putters*, because they “put” or push wagons, loaded with tubs of coal, along the smaller passages, where horses cannot work.

6. Finally, at the end of the workings, we shall find the hewers, the men who really cut the coal from its resting-place; and very hard work it is, for the seam or layer of coal is often hard, and the confined space, and the need of many props to support the roof, prevent the men from easily wielding their short heavy picks; they not seldom have to work sitting, or kneeling, or even lying on their backs or sides.

7. Some of the older coal-mines are, by no means, regular in form, but the modern ones are usually cut out in large squares, each square shut out from the next one by solid walls of coal, forty or fifty yards thick. You may readily understand how the coal is worked out by fancying the ground plan of each division like a window, of which the wooden bars are the galleries cut out, and the panes of glass are the pillars left to support the roof. When the galleries are all cleared out, they begin cutting away as many of the pillars as they can, putting in their place wooden props, to prevent the roof from falling in.

8. This is what an under-ground mine is like; but, in some places in this country, there are mines worked into the slope of a mountain. In one place, one of these mines is situated nine hundred feet above the river which flows at the base. In this mine the coal is no less than sixty feet thick, and surrounds the open space which has been dug out, in black, glistening walls. The coal has to be brought down from this immense height on a sort of railway, which

instead of running right down the mountain, is made to run eight miles along its side, thus breaking the rapidity of the down grade.

LESSON XIX.

THE DEER.

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|------------------------------------|--|
| COM-BINE', to unite, put together. | LICHEN, flat plants growing on rocks. |
| A-MUS'ING, making laugh. | AP-PROACH', to come near to. |
| UN-LUCK'Y, not having luck. | PARK, large piece of ground fenced in. |
| DO-MAIN', abode. | |

ONE of the most graceful animals in the kingdom of Nature is certainly the deer. In the picture you can see the slender limbs, the well-shaped head, and the horns, which combine to make it so beautiful. These are two deer, a male and a female, which, after a long run through the forest, have stopped at the stream, to quench their thirst in its cool water.

2. There are many kinds of deer, of which the best known are called the roe-buck, the fallow-deer, the stag or red-deer, and the rein-deer. Each of these kinds differs in some points from the other, one kind being large, another small, or one having large horns and another smaller ones. The flesh of the deer is called venison, and is very much sought after, for the tables of rich people. From the horns many articles of use, such as knife-handles, are made.



3. The stag, or red-deer, is the largest kind. The males have horns, the females having none, and hunters tell us that they can make out the age of a he-deer by the size of his horns, since the latter grow larger from year to year. The roe-buck, on the contrary is about the smallest of deer, being only about two feet in height. It is also one of the most beautiful. It has horns, hardly ever more than a foot in length, and divided into three small branches. Strange to say, this deer does not live in herds, but in pairs, or sometimes alone, and when its young are about nine or ten months old, it drives them away, to live as best they can.

4. Just the contrary is the case with the fallow-deer. It is fond of living in large herds, and it is said that there are few prettier sights than a park or forest with a number of these beautiful deer, reposing under the shady trees, or chasing one another in graceful play. In these herds, one large buck, or male, is made the leader, and it is amusing to see how few of the herd he will allow to approach him, those whom he does not favor running humbly away as soon as he appears.

5. Though this kind of deer is, for the most part, very tame, and allows people to come quite near it, yet, at some seasons of the year, it will not permit any one within its domain. At these times, woe be to the unlucky person who ventures too near the herd, for the leader will instantly make a charge at him, and injure him pretty badly, if he is not nimble enough to escape. One good thing about them, though, is that they soon get to know those who have been kind to them, and will even eat from their hands.

6. We have read somewhere that, at a certain great college in England, where there are some of this kind of deer, it used to be a common thing to let down a crust of bread, by a string, from one of the windows that looked out on the park. The deer would quickly approach, and it was curious to see how they would take a large crust in their little mouths, and keep biting at it, until they had eaten the whole, without once letting it drop.

7. The reindeer is, perhaps, the most curious of all these kinds of deer. His home is in countries where

there is snow on the ground nearly the whole year, but yet he contrives to live by scraping a sort of lichen, or moss, from under the snow. During the winter his coat grows thicker, which shows us the care which the Almighty takes even of the dumb animals. The people of those countries use this deer instead of the horse, as his feet are formed for travelling over snow. He can draw a weight of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds at the rate of ten miles an hour.

LESSON XX.

NAPOLEON TEACHING THE CATECHISM.

| | |
|---|-----------------------------|
| NAP-O'LE-ON, a great Emperor of France. | QUAR'TERS, where one lives. |
| SAINT HEL-E'NA, an island to which he was banished. | RE-CITE', to repeat. |
| | DES'ERT, waste. |
| | TU'MULT, great noise. |
| FOR'TI-FIED, strengthened, made strong. | GHA'ST'LY, frightful. |
| | CAP'TIVE, a prisoner. |

WHEN Napoleon was banished to Saint Helena, he had with him General Bertrand, who had a little daughter, about ten years old. One day the emperor met her and said, "My child, you are young, and many dangers await you in the world. What will become of you if you are not fortified by religion? Come to me to-morrow, and I will give you your first lesson in catechism."

2. For more than two years she went every day to the emperor's quarters, where he heard her recite her catechism, and explained it to her with the utmost care and precision. When she had attained her sixteenth year, Napoleon said to her: "Now, my child, I believe you are well enough instructed in religion; it is time to think seriously about your First Communion.

3. "I am going to have two priests brought me here from France; one will prepare you to live well, and the other will teach me to die well." And so it was done. This pious young lady, who, we might say, owed both her faith and happiness to the emperor, related these facts herself.

4. On lone Helena's desert soil,

The victor's noblest deed **was** done;
His battle tumult's ghastly toil
Such conquests rare had never won.

On that bleak shore one flow'ret smiled,
One golden sunbeam cheer'd its gloom—
His faithful soldier's gentle child
Adorned the captive's living tomb.

5. That royal captive, day by day,

Watched the fair spirit's bloom unfold;
He turned its gaze on truth's bright ray,
And showed religion's wealth untold.

He who had filled a world with awe,
And ruled its realms with kingly rod,
Turned to interpret heaven's high law,
And win a child's poor soul for God.

6. Heaven sent its peace, serene and fair,
 And his crushed spirit found a balm,
 When thus it decked a soul to share
 The nuptial banquet of the Lamb.

And when Religion sent her priest
 To soothe his parting strife,
 His pupil shared her master's feast,
 His last, her first, pure Bread of Life.

LESSON XXI.

THE FOUR ELEMENTS.

| | |
|---|---|
| GAR'DEN-ER, one who works in a garden. | GAL'LANT, brave, cheering SKIFF, a small boat. |
| DE-LIGHT'FUL, very pleas- ant. | DIS-GUST'ED, displeased. |
| HUNT'ER, one who hunts wild animals. | EN-DURE', to bear, to suf- fer. |
| | TRI'FLES, little things. |

I WILL be a gardener!" said Philip, when he was fourteen years old, and was thinking of learning a trade; "it is delightful to live always among the green herbs and fragrant flowers." After a while, however, he came home again, and complained that he was constantly obliged to be stooping down, and creeping about in the EARTH. His back and knees had begun to ache, and so he had given up gardening.

2. Philip next wished to be a hunter. "It is a gallant life," said he, "in the green, shady wood." But he soon came back, and complained that he

could not endure the keen, early morning AIR, sometimes wet and foggy, and sometimes bitingly cold, and pinching his nose.

His next idea was to be a fisherman. "To glide along the bright, clear stream, in a light skiff," said he, "without ever tiring a limb! to draw nets full of fish out of the water!—this is real pleasure!" But this pleasure, also, soon disgusted him. "It is wet work," said he; "the WATER is quite unsuited to me."

3. At last he resolved to be a cook. "To the cook," said he, "the gardener, the hunter, and fisherman must hand over all that they obtain by their toil; and, besides, he never can want for nice things to eat." But once more he returned home complaining. "It would be all very well," said he, "if it were not for the FIRE. But when I have to stand before the blazing grate, I feel just as if I would melt away with the heat."

4. This time, however, Philip's father no longer indulged him. He would not permit him to choose another trade, for the fifth time, but spoke to him very sensibly. "If you wish to live contentedly," said he, "you must learn to bear the troubles of life with a manly spirit; the man who would escape all the varied discomforts the FOUR ELEMENTS have in store for us, must leave the world altogether."

5. "If you but remember the good which never fails to attend our present circumstances, your hardships will soon appear mere trifles in your eyes." Philip followed his father's advice; and afterwards, when others complained, he consoled them by saying,

"I have learned by experience the meaning of the old saying :

What God permits, humbly enjoy;
 Whate'er His law denies, forego :
 Earth has no bliss without alloy,
 And Heaven has balm for every woe.'"

LESSON XXII.

THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN.

| | |
|---|--|
| SAV-OY'ARD, a native of Savoy. | CYM'BAL, a musical instru- ment. |
| FOR'EIGN, far from home. | CHAM'OIS, a kind of deer living on mountains. |
| SAR'A-BAND, a grave Span- ish dance. | BACK'WARD, going back. |

1. **O** YONDER is the well-know spot—
 My dear, my long-lost native home !
 O, welcome is yon little cot,
 Where I shall rest, no more to roam.
 O, I have travell'd far and wide,
 O'er many a distant foreign land :
 Each place, each province I have tried,
 And sung and danced my saraband :
 But all their charms could not prevail,
 To steal my heart from yonder vale.
2. Of distant climes, the false report,
 It lured me from my native land ;
 It bade me rove—my sole support
 My cymbals and my saraband.

The woody dell, the hanging rock,
The chamois skipping o'er the heights;
The plain adorn'd with many a flock—
And, O, a thousand more delights
That grace yon dear, beloved retreat,
Have backward won my weary feet.



3. Now safe return'd, with wandering tired,
No more my little home I'll leave :
And many a tale of what I've seen
Shall while away the winter's eve.
O ! I have wander'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land ;
Each place each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband :
But all their charms could not prevail,
To steal my heart from yonder vale

LESSON XXIII.

THE RASH DIVER.

SCYL'LA, a dangerous whirlpool on the coast of Sicily.

SEETH'ING, in a boiling state.

EN-TREAT'Y, a request, asking.

TAUNT'ING, mocking, making fun of.

A-BYSS', bottomless gulf.

WHIRL'POOL, pool where the water moves round in a circle.

GULF, a deep, wide pool.

WEL'KIN, the air, vault of heaven.

HID'E-OUS, frightful.

EX-PLORE', to go through.

CHAL'LENGE, daring to do something.

HIGH on the immense cliff that overhangs the Scylla of the Ancients, stood King Frederick of Sicily, and by his side the fairest of Europe's fair daughters. Often and often had he gazed down into the fierce, seething waters beneath him, and in vain had he offered the gold of his treasure and the honors of his court to him who would dive into the whirlpool, and tell him of the fearful things that were hid beneath the hissing, boiling foam.

2. But neither fisherman nor proud knight had dared to tempt the God of mercy, and to venture down into the dread abyss, which threatened sure death to the bold intruder. And when the king's beautiful daughter smiled upon the gazing crowd around her, and when her sweet lips uttered words of gently entreaty, the spell was woven, and the bold

heart found that would do her bidding, forgetful of worldly reward, and, alas! unmindful, also, of the word of the Almighty, which forbids us to so rashly throw away our lives.

3. He was a bold seaman, and his companions called him Presco-Colo, or Nick the Fish, for he lived in the ocean's depths, and days and nights passed, which he spent in swimming and diving in the warm waters of Sicily. From the very cliff on which the king had spoken his taunting words, from the very feet of his fair, tempting child, Nick threw himself into the raging flood.

4. The waters closed over him, hissing and tossing in restless madness, and deeper and darker grew the fierce whirlpool. All eyes were bent upon the gaping gulf—all lips were silent as the grave. Time seemed to be at rest: their very hearts seemed to have ceased to beat. Breathless each one gazed below; but no one dared to break the silence which had come upon all that crowd.

5. When lo! out of the dark waves there arises a snow-white form, and a glowing arm is seen, and the black curls hanging down on the neck of the daring seaman. As he breathes once more the free air of heaven, and as his eyes behold once more the blue vault above him, he murmurs words of thanks and praise to his Maker. And a shout arose from the joyful crowd that was echoed from cliff to cliff, until the welkin rang, and the ocean's roar was hushed.

6. But when their eyes turned again to greet the bold man who had dared what God had forbidden, and ~~man~~ had never ventured to do, the dark waters

had closed upon him. They saw the fierce flood rush up in wild haste; they saw the white form sink down into the dark, gloomy gulf; they heard the thundering roar and the hideous hissing below: the waters rose and the waters fell, but the bold, daring seaman was never seen again.

7. This strange tale is sometimes told in a different way. It is, that the king hurled a beautiful cup of gold, and precious stones, into the angry waters which no one had ever explored, and promised it to the man who should bring it up. The challenge was taken up by a handsome young page, who dived after the cup, and, after being down so long that all thought him lost, came up with the goblet in his hand.

8. It seems that it had caught on the sharp point of a rock, and that was the way he came to find it. The reckless king, not satisfied with this attempt, incited him to dive again, promising as the prize the hand of his lovely daughter. The bold youth, beside himself at the thought of a prize so dear, threw himself once more into the awful abyss.

9. But this time the crowd on the cliff gazed in vain into those angry depths. Up from the very bottom of the ocean came the mighty billows, and then sank, murmuring hoarsely, back into the deep; but never again rose the hardy youth, who, for the sake of wordly reward, had dared to risk his precious life.



LESSON XXIV.

THE MISER.

| | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| MISER, one who loves money for its own sake. | NERVOUS-LY, like one in fear. |
| CRAZY, out of one's mind. | CREAKING, harsh, grating sound. |
| PROFIT-ED, was made better. | PASSION, love for. |
| AVA-RICE, eagerness for money. | VIL-LAIN, very bad man. |
| DE-PRIVES', takes from. | OF-FENDER, one who does a bad act. |
| GARRET, unused top story of a house. | TREMBLING, shaking. |
| | ES-CAPE', get away. |

THERE is a story told of a certain miser, who, for many years, had been scraping and saving all the money he could, that when he had got a pretty large sum he changed it for a lump of gold, which he buried in the ground, near an old wall, and was in the habit of taking it up very often, just for the pleasure it gave him to look at it. Some one noticing him go so often to this spot, followed him one day, and, as soon as his back was turned, carried off the lump of gold.

2. When the miser found he had been robbed, he almost went crazy, beating his breast and tearing his hair, as you see him in the picture. A young man who was passing, being attracted by the noise, asked him what the matter was. On being told, he picked up a large stone, which lay near by, and advised the

wretched miser to bury that instead of his gold, as, said he, "it will be as much good to you as a lump of gold could have been buried away out of sight."



3. We are not told whether the unhappy man profited by this well-meant advice; but the lesson we are to learn is, that money is only given us to be made use of, and that, if put to no use, it is no better than so much stone. There is no vice more foolish, as well as wicked, than this of avarice; for it is one which not only does no one else any good, but deprives the person given to it of any pleasure he might otherwise enjoy. The miser is always afraid lest some one should snatch from him the money he loves so much.

4. The following story will show in what constant dread the miser lives. In one of the oldest and nor

rowest streets of a certain large city, an old man, commonly called "Father John," lived in an ancient two-story house, which was so shaky you would think that every strong wind would blow it down. But the old man did not care; he had lived a very long time in this house, and, as he used to say, "It has stood the storms so long, now, it will surely hold out as long as I want it."

5. People said that "Father John" was very rich; but to see him going around in his shabby, ragged clothes, that looked as if they never were new, you would not think so. One night, he had been out pretty late, and when he came in there was a troubled look on his worn old face. He carefully barred the door after him, and, lighting a small piece of candle, went slowly up two flights of stairs, until he came to the garret. Looking nervously around him, he lifted up some rags that lay heaped up in one corner, and with his two hands drew out a large bag, which he brought over to the light, and opened.

6. He thrust in his hand, and drew out—what? Why, a handful of shining coins. Gold it was, then, that was in the bag! Yes, the gold which "Father John" must have been many a year in gathering, for, when he emptied the bag upon the floor, the heap was quite large. And how he did gloat over that gold, as he counted it over piece by piece into the bag. To judge from the look on his hard face, this was the greatest pleasure of his life. So it was, too; for "Father John" was a miser.

7. When he had it all counted, he tied up the bag again and put it back under the heap of rags. Then

he went down stairs slowly, and, blowing out his candle, lay down on his bed. But he could not sleep. The gold kept dancing before his eyes, and, though he tried hard to think of something else, no other thoughts would come. Then, suddenly, he thought he heard a noise up-stairs, like a board creaking. He listened, and soon he heard it again, and then he began to get a little frightened; for that was his constant fear, that some one was coming to steal his gold.

8. He strained his ears to hear—and now he could no longer be mistaken, for creak! creak! went the boards up-stairs, and every now and then he was sure he heard some one coming down. You should have seen the look on that old man's face, and the way his hair began to stand on end! What should he do, was the question he now asked himself, for there was certainly a man, perhaps two men, in the house. If he went up-stairs, he was sure to be killed, and if he slipped down and out of the house, his beloved money would certainly be lost.

9. So strong was his passion for his gold, that even his life was not as dear to him, and he resolved to go up-stairs and drive away the robber, or die. Oh! the bitter curses he muttered against the villain, whose footsteps he could hear so plainly overhead, as, pale and trembling, he seized a heavy club, and made his way softly up-stairs. As he got nearer the garret, he heard the noises still plainer, and he wondered at the boldness of the robbers.

10. His plan of attack was to open the door suddenly, and, bursting in upon the robber, knock him

down with his club. So, dashing into the room, he made a blow at some object which he took to be the offender, and what was his surprise to find that he had only knocked over a barrel, which had been standing there. Perfect silence followed this attack, and, fearing to advance, he stood trembling, waiting for the rascal robber; when, suddenly, with a bound, out sprang—a large *cat*, and, gliding through the open door, left him alone.

11. And thus the foolish old miser was so wrapt up in his beloved gold, he had put himself to so much trouble, and nearly frightened himself out of his wits, by a poor cat, which, having slipped in with him early in the evening, from the street, had found its way up to the garret, got shut in, and, by running about over the crazy, creaking floors, in its efforts to escape, had made the noises which so frightened the poor old miser.

LESSON XXV.

THE CHILDREN ON THE WATER.

| | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------|
| MUR'MUR, to whisper very low. | FROL'ICS, sports, plays. |
| PLY'ING, using, handling. | LENGTH'ENS, grows long. |
| RO'SE-ATE, of a rosy color. | PUR-SU'ING, following. |
| | SHEL'TER, cover. |

1. **T**HE waves murmur softly,
 The wind rustles low,
 In gentle play tossing
 The boat to and fro

We glide slowly downwards,
In sight of the shore,
Our morning song singing,
Whilst plying the oar.

2. The blue sky is cloudless,
The water is clear;
Lambs play by the stream
Which is murmuring near.

Still on us the morning
Sheds roseate light;
Life's cares have not hid it
As yet from our sight.

3. O morning! O spring-time!
You hasten away,
Like children pursuing
Their frolics in May.

Like playtime and pleasure,
Like waves in the bay,
Like bloom and like fragrance
Your beams fade away;

4. And lengthen the shadows,
And fadeth the light!
In darkness and silence
Near draweth the night.

Then home let us hasten,
Like birds to their nest,
And with Our Father
Find shelter and rest.

LESSON XXVI.

ANGELS' FOOTSTEPS.

| | |
|--|---|
| LI'LAC, a spring flower. | FER'VOR, warmth of love. |
| LA-BUR'NUM, a sort of tree. | PR'E-TY, fondness for holy |
| DYA-MOND, most precious of stones. | things. |
| E-TER'NI-TY, time without end. | OR'GAN, musical instru- ment used in churches. |
| SA'CRA-MENT, a means of grace given by God. | AN'GUISH, pain of mind. |
| CON'FIRM-A-TION, one of the seven sacraments. | SUF'FER-INGS, pains, ills. |
| | QUIV'ER, tremble. |
| | VAL'LEY, a hollow between mountains. |

IT was a lovely morning in May, and the sun shone merrily on all around, making the dewdrops on the lilacs and laburnums sparkle like diamonds. Sitting in a garden, which seemed to vie with every other in the richness of its beauty and fragrance, was a little blue-eyed girl about five years old. Lovely flowers surrounded her on all sides; but she did not heed them. She was thinking, and very earnestly, young child as she was; but her thoughts were of heaven, not of earth.

2. Eva Mortimer, for that was the little girl's name, had been taken to mass that day, for the first time, and the echo of that Divine service will never cease to ring in her ears till she hears the angels' song. Moments passed, and still Eva remained in the same place, her violet eyes fixed on the distant heavens, as

if she would have peirced their depths, and looked through eternity itself. Then burying her face in her hands, she sank on her knees, for, though faint and far distant, she heard *angels' footsteps!*

3. Years have gone by, and our little Eva is now a lovely girl of sixteen. In that holy place, where first her infant lips were taught to join in God's service, she kneels, dressed in white, the rays from the stained glass window falling over her veil like a glory. She is one of many others who have come to strengthen the vows made for her in baptism by the sacrament of confirmation.

4. How fervently each young heart beat during that solemn time, and how earnestly the people present prayed that those now so full of youthful fervor and piety might walk forever with the Lord. Yes, and there were *other lookers-on*. Eva felt it now. Again she heard the angels' footsteps—but *nearer*.

5. A change has come over our bright Eva; for years have passed since we saw her, and she is now a wife and mother. This morning—oh! happiness—her darling has been made a child of the church. Loudly the organ pealed forth, mingling with the voices of the singers; but, clear and distinct above all, Eva heard the *angels' footsteps*.

6. The room is darkened—and sadly bending over her infant's cradle is Eva Spencer. In the few years that have passed, it is sad to see what changes have been made in that sweet face. Her long, bright curls, which once fell in such beauty over her shoulders, have been gathered up under a widow's cap, and sorrow has traced wrinkles on her girlish brow. How

many nights she has watched by that little bed she scarcely knows. It has been all like a blank to her since her darling took the fever.

7. Poor Eva! as she held that burning hand in hers, and listened to the low sobs of pain, she prayed with bitter anguish for *any* change that would end its sufferings. And to-night her prayer seemed to have been heard, for the child slept, as she thought, sweetly. Oh! how great a relief it was to her sore heart.

8. For a moment Eva left her sad post, and softly stealing to one of the windows, opened the shutter. The moon shone in brightly, making the dark chamber light as day, and gilding the still face of the little one, already tinged with more than earthly beauty. Hark! how *near* they sound—the angels' footsteps. She rushes to the cradle. Yes! there is no doubt, now. *They are here.* Her infant is dead!

9. Years pass quickly on; and death will come soon to the good and bad alike. But to the good Christian how happy is the change: the Valley of Death has no terrors, for God has written there in letters which turn every way: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Again it is a bright May morning—much such a one as when Eva made her first visit to the church, now shines upon her death-bed. She has received the last sacraments, and the prayer has been read for a soul passing away.

10. Her hands are clasped, and her face *bright*, with almost its girlish beauty. After the priest had left, her friends, too, one by one, left the room, and Eva was alone. No! not *alone*—she hears *their* footsteps, and now *there are well-known ones among them!* They

come near—nearer! The moment of parting is at hand: her lips quiver, and the cold drops stand upon her brow. Death advances, with rude and rapid strides; but she heeds him not, for above all she hears—the ANGELS' FOOTSTEPS.

LESSON XXVII.

THE PYRAMIDS.

| | |
|--|--|
| E'GYPT, country in east of Africa. | A'C'RE, a square measure of land. |
| STRUCT'URES, buildings, erections. | STEE'PLE, pointed tower of a church. |
| PYR'A-MID, a body having several sides, meeting in a point at the top. | PLAT'FORM, a flat, square piece. |
| EM-PLOY'ED, hired, worked at. | BAL'ANCE, having equal weight on both sides. |
| | PUR'POSE, use, intention. |

IN Egypt may be seen one of the most curious works of art that men have ever made. There are no less than three very large structures, which from their having four sides, all meeting in a point at the top, are called Pyramids. The picture shows you the largest of these odd-looking buildings, which is known as the "Great Pyramid."

2. We do not know how long the Pyramids have been built, nor who the builder was, though some people say the largest one was the work of a certain king of Egypt, called Cheops. A very ancient writer

of history, who lived two thousand years ago, tells us that they were built nine hundred years before our Lord came on earth, which would make their age nearly three thousand years.



3. You may imagine how great must be their size when, if we believe that writer whom we spoke of, it took twenty years to build them, and during that time one hundred thousand men were employed. The "Great Pyramid" is about four hundred and eighty feet in height, and covers no less than thirteen acres of ground. It is more than one hundred feet higher than the steeple of St. Paul's in London, which is one of the highest churches in the world.

4. This pyramid was not built with a solid front on each of its sides, but was built in platforms, each smaller than the other, thus making a set of steps the whole way up. The height of each step was from two to five feet. At first, it is thought, these steps

THE PYRAMIDS.

were filled in with stones, thus making the surface quite smooth. But these stones must have fallen out, leaving the steps bare—and people are thus able to go up to the top.

5. It seems that this going up is no easy matter, since the steps are so far apart, and, if a person looks down on the way up, he is apt to become giddy, and fall. The story is told of an English officer, some years ago, who, when trying to ascend the Great Pyramid, lost his balance, and rolled down to the very bottom. His body was picked up at the foot, a shapeless mass.

6. Those who do reach the top, often cut their names into the stone, in order to leave a record of their visit; so that you will see up there names in English, and French, and Greek, and Latin, and all other languages. This top is thirty-two feet square, and made of nine large stones, each of which might weigh a ton.

7. The inside of these curious buildings has not yet been fully explored, nor does it seem likely that any one will ever go to the trouble of visiting every portion of structures so very large. About fifty feet up from the base, in the Great Pyramid, is a small door leading into it, and those who have gone in have found galleries extending for a great distance, and several chambers. We have no doubt but it would be well worth while to explore these strange places.

8. For what purposes these Pyramids were built is not clearly known, since the manner in which they are built does not show what they were intended for. It is the belief of many, that they were used to bury

the dead, and some have also thought that they were connected with the religion of the country. Whatever they were meant for, it is certain that they rank amongst the wonders of the world.

LESSON XXVIII.

THE PLEASURE OF GIVING.

| | |
|---------------------------------|---|
| POV'ER-TY, want of means. | UN-MIN'GLED, not mixed |
| HOS'PI-TAL, place for the sick. | with any thing. |
| PRO-TECT', keep safe, guard. | CHAR'I-TY, alms, what is given to the poor. |
| | AN'GLE, a corner. |

THERE is an old and beautiful saying: "To receive is human; but to give is God-like," which, in other words, means that there is really a far greater pleasure in giving than in receiving. That this is true, is proved by the following tale, lately told us by a worthy doctor. We will let him tell it in his own words.

2. Coming one night, about nine o'clock, from visiting a sick man, my way lay through some of the back alleys of the city. The night was dark and cold, and the ground was covered with snow. The air was so cold that the breath, passing from my mouth and nostrils, was at once frozen on the breast of my overcoat. Turning an angle, I heard for some time a faint voice, at a distance; but I could not make out any words—only a low, beseeching moan.

3. However, I had not gone much farther, before I saw, by the light of a lamp, an old, gray-haired man, walking wearily before me. He was bowed nearly to the ground by the double weight of poverty and age. In a faint voice he was asking "a charity for a poor old man, for God's sake and may Jesus and Mary bless and protect ye." But all the doors were shut, and no one came out to give him any help. Every one was busy with the mirth and fun going on inside.

4. They, being warm and well-fed, never thought of the poor creatures outside, who had neither food nor fire, like this poor old man, whose weak voice they could not hear. His back being turned to me, he did not notice me until I quietly stepped up, and dropped a shilling in his hands, saying, "I have no more about me, or if I had you should have it."

5. It was but a small sum, but I had scarcely thrust it in his hand when he fell on his knees, in the cold snow, and cried, "Oh! then may you, good sir, never see your purse without plenty of money, and God's blessing with it. Amen!" And the big tears burst from his eyes, and he could say no more. He fainted. I tapped at the nearest door; it was opened, and we took the poor man in, and laid him on a bed near the fire. With proper care, he soon got better.

6. I then left him to the kindness of the good woman, promising to come back next day to see how he was getting on, and to pay her for her trouble. When I came next morning, imagine what my surprise must have been when the woman told me that he was her father, whom she had not seen since she was eighteen years of age, for at that time he went

on board a vessel bound to the West Indies, and soon after the report came that she was lost, with all hands.

7. I could not but wonder at and admire the ways of Providence, and feel happy in having thus been the means of restoring the poor old man to his daughter, and procuring him a good home for the rest of his days. His story, which he then told, was briefly this: "Our ship was wrecked," said he, "on the coast of Ireland. All hands but me were lost, and I was only saved by being cast ashore by the waves, all torn and bleeding. A kind-hearted peasant found me, and took care of me until I got well.

8. I made my way over to this city, and got work in a ship-yard; but one day, falling from the mast of a vessel, I was so badly hurt that I was sent to an hospital; but very little could be done for me, and as soon as I was able to walk again I had to leave it. I was thus reduced to begging my bread, and in this state it was that you found me. Oh! kind sir," he added, "how can I thank you for your goodness? May God and His Angels protect you and guard you forever!"

9. I felt happy, not so much at the blessings which this good old man kept invoking upon me, but because I had been able to relieve a fellow-being in his distress. I had often spent money on all sorts of pleasures, but I must say, I had never spent any which brought me so sincere a pleasure as that which I had given to this poor man, for it was unmingled with the least regret.

10. I said to myself, then, that I would try, for the

future, to spend a great deal more in charity than I had ever done before. I have done my best to keep my word ever since, and I can tell you all, that there is no pleasure like that of giving. I would beg of you to remember that the Scripture says, "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord!"

LESSON XXIX.

THE DOG AT THE GRAVE.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| AN'GUISH, great grief, great pain. | CON-TROL'LED, ordered, commanded. |
| GUARD'ED, watched over. | CA-RESS'ED, petted. |
| GLOW'ED, burned, kept bright. | QUIV'ER-ING, trembling. MOURN'FUL, sad, pitiful. |
| SWAY, rule, dominion. | SKEL'E-TON, the bare bones. |

1. **H**E WILL NOT COME!" said the gentle child,
And she patted the poor dog's head,
And pleasantly called him, and fondly smiled,
But he heeded her not, in his anguish wild,
Nor arose from his lowly bed.
2. 'Twas his master's grave, where he chose to rest—
He guarded it night and day;
The love that glow'd in his grateful breast,
For the friend that had fed, controll'd, caress'd,
Might never fade away.
8. And when the long grass rustled near,
Beneath some traveller's tread,

He started up, with a quivering ear,
For he thought 'twas the step of that master dear,
Returning from the dead.

4. And, sometimes, when a storm drew nigh,
And the clouds were dark and fleet,
He tore the turf with a mournful cry,
As if he would force his way—or die—
To his much-loved master's feet.
5. So there, through the summer's heat he lay,
Till autumn nights were bleak;
Till his eye grew dim with his hope's decay,
And he pined, and pined, and wasted away—
A skeleton, gaunt and weak.
6. And pitying children often brought
Their offerings—meat and bread;
And to coax him away to their homes they sought
But his buried friend he ne'er forgot,
Nor strayed from his lonely bed.
7. Cold winter came with an angry sway,
And the snow lay deep and hoar;
And his moaning grew fainter day by day,
Till there on the spot where his master lay,
He fell, to rise no more.
8. And when he struggled with mortal pain,
And death was by his side,
With one loud cry, that shook the plain
He call'd for his master, but all in vain—
Then stretch'd himself, and died.

LESSON XXX.

CROSSING THE RED SEA.

| | |
|---|---|
| SACRIFICE, an offering made on an altar. | PROV'DENCE, watchful, care. |
| PLAGUE, a dreadful scourge, or punishment. | DRY-SHOD, with dry feet. |
| STRICK'EN, afflicted, pun- ished. | E-GYPTIANS, the people of Egypt. |
| WIL'DER-NESS, a wild, des- ert place. | MIR'A-CLE, something that only God could do. |
| DE-LIV'ER-ED, freed from, set free. | DE-TER'RED, prevented. |
| E'GYPT, a country in Afri- ca. | THUN'DER-BOLT, shaft of lightning. |
| | AS-SEMBLED, brought to- gether. |

PHARAOH, king of Egypt, seeing that the Jewish people did not return when the three days he had given them to go into the wilderness to offer sacrifice had passed, perceived that they had escaped out of his hands. He forgot the terrible plagues with which he and his people had been stricken; he became as hard-hearted and cruel as before, and resolved to pursue the Hebrews, whom he had so long held as slaves. He assembled his subjects, and they, wishing to recover the precious objects which the Jews had taken with them, encouraged him in the pursuit.

2. When the Hebrews saw the danger they were in—in a wilderness, with the army of Pharaoh on one side of them, and on the other the sea—their

terror caused them to forget how they had been delivered, by miracle, from the hands of the Egyptian king: they forgot the good providence of God, who had led them on their journey through the wilderness, by a pillar of cloud during the day, and a pillar of fire by night. They began to murmur against Moses, and to mock him, asking if there were no graves in Egypt, that he had brought them to die in that desert.



3 Moses consoled them in their distress, and promised that the Lord would assist them. Then, when Pharaoh drew near them, with all his host, Moses stretched forth his arm over the sea, and the waves divided, leaving the way clear for the children of Israel. They entered this strange path the waters

rising up like great walls on either side, and they passed the sea dry-shod. The Egyptians were not deterred by so great a miracle, and, believing that the sea would remain for them as it had done for those they pursued, they boldly entered it.

4. But God soon convinced them of the difference there was between them and His chosen people. He sent thunderbolts from Heaven upon them, so that they were seized with fear, and exhorted each other to turn back and fly, because the Lord had declared against them, and in favour of the Hebrews. Whilst they were trying to escape, God commanded Moses to stretch forth his hand again over the sea, and the waters which had been divided, joined again, and so utterly destroyed the Egyptians, that not even one remained.

These miracles attest the mighty power of God, and they ought to teach us all how dreadful it is to offend His awful majesty. He who is all-powerful—He who created us, and who preserved us from all danger, wishes only that we should, in return, love and serve Him. If we do, He will pour down blessings upon us in this life, and will bring us safe through its troubled waters, as He brought the Jews through the Red Sea; but if we forget Him, and do not try to serve Him, nor keep His Holy Law, He will destroy us, as He did the Egyptians. He is a God of goodness and of mercy to those who love and serve Him; but He is terrible to those who defy His power.



LESSON XXXI.

T E A.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| NA'TIVE, born in. | LEIS'URE, spare time. |
| VAL'LEY, hollow between hills. | PAT'TED, tapped gently. |
| OF-ER-A'TION, work, pro- cess. | LI'QUID, drink. |
| | EU-RO-PE'AN, belonging to Europe. |

THE drink which you know by this name, is made by boiling the leaves of a shrub, grown chiefly in China and Japan, of which countries it is a native. It is an evergreen, and grows to the height of from four to six feet. It bears pretty white flowers, looking like wild roses, and it is said that a field of these dark-green plants, covered with their blossoms, is a very pretty sight.

2. In China there are a great many tea-farms, mostly of small extent, lying on the upper valleys, and on the sloping sides of the hills, where the soil is light, and rich, and well drained. The plants are raised from seed, and, as a rule, allowed to grow three years before a crop of leaves is taken from them; as this operation, of course, injures their growth, even with care they become stunted, and of no more profit, in about eight or ten years.

3. When the crop is ready, the leaves are carefully picked by hand, one by one, and there are three or four of these gatherings in each year, the first crop in the spring being of the most value. A well-grown

bush, well taken care of, will give two or three pounds of tea a year. When intended for green tea, the leaves are only allowed to dry for an hour or two after gathering.

4. They are then thrown into heated roasting-pans, placed over a wood fire, then stirred quickly with the hands, and allowed to remain for a few minutes, and next rolled by hand on a table covered with mats; and afterwards roasted and rolled again. The color is by this time set, and the processes of sorting and roasting again, which, for the finer sorts, are repeated several times, may be put off till a leisure time.

5. Black tea is really the same kind as the green, but prepared in a different manner. The leaves are suffered to remain a longer time, perhaps a whole day, drying, before they are roasted; they are tossed about and patted whilst drying, and are finally dried over a much slower fire.

6. It seems to us very strange, the way the Chinese use the tea. They drink it pure. They put a handful of tea into a china basin, or cup, and pour boiling water over it, and drink the liquid thus made, either without anything in it, or sometimes with sugar—sometimes with salt and ginger. Imagine how your tea would taste, if seasoned with *salt* or *ginger*.

7. In that country you will see a good many tea-shops by the road-side, with the road in front shaded by a thatch, to keep off the sun from those who stop to take a cup of tea. The tea-leaves, when ready for use, are packed in cases, and carried from the farms to the nearest river, or canal, when they are sent down to the sea-ports, and there put on board

the ships which trade with other countries. In this way we get our tea.

8. It is about two hundred and fifty years ago since tea was first brought into a European country. That was in the year 1610; but it was not used in England, until fifty years after that. At first it was very dear there, being worth fifty or sixty shillings a pound. Quite a change from such prices, in our days, when tea is so cheap that the pleasant drink it yields is within the reach even of the poor.

LESSON XXII

THE MATCH-GIRL.

| | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| TAT'TER-ED, torn, ragged. | HUD'DLED, gathered up. |
| ROAM'ED, wandered. | HOWL'ED, cried with a dis- |
| SHIV'ER-ING, trembling. | mal sound. |
| SA'VOR-Y, pleasing to the | SPUTTER-ED, made a hiss- |
| taste or smell. | ing noise. |
| PRO-JECT'ED, went farther | WAD'DLE, to move one way |
| forward. | and the other in walking. |

IT was bitter cold, and nearly dark, on the last evening of the old year, and the snow was falling fast. In the cold and the darkness, a poor little girl, with tattered clothes and naked feet, roamed through the streets. It is true, she had on a pair of slippers when she left home, but they were not of much use. They were very large—so large, indeed, that they had belonged to her mother, and the poor little creature had

lost them in running across the street, to avoid two carriages, that were rolling along at a terrible rate.



2. One of the slippers she could not find, and a boy seized upon the other and ran away with it, saying that he could use it as a cradle, when he had children of his own. So the little girl went on with her little naked feet, which were quite red and blue with the cold. In an old apron she carried a number of matches, and had a bundle of them in her hands. No one had bought any thing of her the whole day, nor had any one given her even a penny.

3. Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept along. Poor little child! she looked the picture of misery. The snow-flakes fell on her long, fair hair, which hung in curls on her shoulders; but she regarded them not. The cold winds blew, and the snow fell fast the people were hurrying home to their bright

fireside and their warm supper, but no one looked at the little match-girl—no one stopped to buy her matches.

4. Lights were shining from every window, and there was a savory smell of roast goose, for it was New Year's Eve. Yes, she remembered that. In a corner, between two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she sank down, and huddled herself together. She had drawn her little feet under her, but she could not keep off the cold; and she dared not go home, for she had sold no matches, and could not take home even a penny of money. Her father would certainly beat her; besides, it was almost as cold at home, for they had only the roof to cover them, and the wind howled through it, although the largest holes had been stopped up with straw and rags.

5. Her little hands were almost frozen with the cold. Ah! perhaps a burning match might be some good, if she could draw it from the bundle, and strike it against the wall, just to warm her fingers. She drew out one—"scratch!" how it sputtered as it burned! It gave a warm, bright light, like a little candle, as she held her hand over it. It was really a wonderful light. It seemed to the little girl as if she were sitting by a large iron stove, with polished brass feet, and a brass ornament on top.

6. How the fire burned! and it seemed so warm and comfortable, that the child stretched out her feet as if to warm them, when, lo! the flame of the match went out, the stove vanished, and she had only the remains of the half-burned match in her hand. All

was again dark and cold around. Alas! poor little match-girl! what comfort that match had given her—now it was burned out.

7. She rubbed another match on the wall. It burst into a flame, and, when its light fell upon the wall, it became as transparent as a veil, and she could see into the room. The table was covered with a snowy white table-cloth, on which stood a splendid dinner-service, and a steaming roast goose, stuffed with apples and dried plums. And what was still more wonderful, the goose jumped down from the dish, and waddled across the floor, with a knife and fork in its breast, to the little girl. Then the match went out, and there remained nothing but the thick, damp, cold wall before her.

8. She lighted another match, and then she found herself sitting under a beautiful Christmas-tree. It was larger and prettier than the one she had seen through the glass-door of a grand house. Thousands of tapers were burning upon the green branches, and colored pictures, like those she had seen in the shop windows, looked down upon it all. The little one stretched out her hand towards them, and the match went out. Very sad, and very cold, was the little girl. What a pity her match went out just then!

9. The Christmas lights rose higher and higher, till they looked to her like the stars in the sky. Then she saw a star fall, leaving behind a streak of fire. "Some one is dying," thought the little girl, for her old grandmother—the only one who had ever loved her, and who was now dead—had told her that when a star falls, a soul was going up to God. She again

rubbed a match on the wall, and the light shone round her; in the brightness stood her old grandmother, clear and shining, yet mild and loving, in her appearance.

10. "Grandmother," cried the little one, "oh! take me with you. I know you will go away when the match burns out; you will vanish like the warm stove, and the roast goose, and the beautiful Christmas-tree." And she made haste to light the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to keep her grandmother there. And the matches glowed with a light that was brighter than the noon-day, and her grandmother had never appeared so large or so beautiful. She took the little girl in her arms, and they both flew upwards, in brightness and joy, far above the earth, where there was neither cold nor hunger, nor pain—for they were with God.

11. In the dawn of morning, there lay the poor little one, with pale cheeks and smiling mouth, leaning against the wall. She had been frozen to death on the last evening of the old year—and the New Year's sun rose and shone upon a little corpse! The child still sat, in the stiffness of death, holding the matches in her hand; one bundle was burnt. "She tried to warm herself," said some. No one imagined what beautiful things she had seen, nor into what glory she had entered with her grandmother, on New Year's day.



LESSON XXXIII.

CHRIST AMONG THE DOCTORS.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| EX-AM'PLE, model, pattern. | SCRIBE, a writer of the Law |
| RE-LIG'ION, faith, worship of God. | among the Jews. |
| HO-SAN'NA, a term of praise. | BE-TIMES', early. |
| | BLAS-PHEME', to curse. |



1. **W**HAT blessed examples do I find
Writ in the Word of Truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth!

2. Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.
3. At twelve years old he talk'd with men,
(The Jews all wondering stand;)
Yet he obeyed his mother then,
And came at her command.
4. Children a sweet hosanna sang,
And blessed their Saviour's name;
They gave him honor with their tongue,
While scribes and priests blaspheme.
5. Samuel, the child, was wean'd and brought
To wait upon the Lord;
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know his Holy Word.
6. Then why should I so long delay
What others learned so soon?
I would not pass another day
Without this work begun.



LESSON XXIV.

THE CITY OF MARY.

| | |
|--|--|
| CEN'TU-RY, an hundred years. | I-RO-QUOIS, } tribes of sav- |
| WILDS, desert places. | HU'RON, } ages. |
| SPE'CIAL-LY, in a particular manner. | NICHE, a hollow in the wall. |
| SAV'AGE, a wild, untaught man. | HOS'PI-TAL, an asylum for the sick. |
| COL'O-NY, a new settlement. | CON'VENT, the dwelling of monks or nuns. |
| COL'O-NIST, a person living in a colony. | DU'CHESS, a lady of rank next to a princess. |
| FOUND'RESS, a woman who founds, or begins. | SEM'I-NA-RY, here means a company of priests. |
| CON-GRE-GA'TION, a religious society. | FOUND'LING, a child whose parents are not known. |

THE city of Montreal was formerly called Ville-Marie, or the City of Mary. It was commenced about the middle of the seventeenth century, by pious men and women from France, who left their beautiful country to go and raise up a city in honor of the Most Blessed Virgin in the wilds of North America. This city they built on the island of Montreal, in the Saint Lawrence river. The Queen of Heaven had herself appeared several times to one of her faithful servants in France, and told him she wished to be specially honored in that place.

2. The country of Canada was then called New

France, and belonged to the King of France, who hearing of what was intended, gave a grant of the island of Montreal to the pious people who meant to build the City of Mary, and who were called the Company of Montreal. The city was commenced, but remained, for a long time, only a small village, and the French soldiers who first settled there had much to suffer from the savages, who were in that country before the coming of the French.

3. The colonists had, at first, no women among them, and when they were sick or wounded by the savages, they had no one to take care of them. But soon there came from France some pious ladies, who wished to devote their lives to the services of the sick, and the teaching of young and old, not only amongst their own people, the French settlers, but also amongst the savages, in the new colony.

4. One of these good ladies was Sister Margaret Bourgeois, the foundress of the Congregation of Our Lady. She, at first, took care of the sick, and afterwards of the children, for whom she opened a school in the new city. She was joined by other pious women, and these were the first Sisters of the Congregation. From that time forward these Sisters instructed the daughters of the French Colonists, and also of the savages. Two young girls—one of the Iroquois, another of the Huron tribe—became members of the Congregation, and died a very holy death.

5. It was Sister Bourgeois who first commenced the erection of the Church of Our Lady of Bonsecours, the first stone building erected on the island of Montreal. She went back twice to France, and brought

out, at one time, some more Sisters for her schools— at another time, money to help to build the new church, and a small statue of the Blessed Virgin. This statue was placed in a niche over the altar when the church was completed, and was much honoured by the people of Montreal.

6. Another pious lady from France founded the Hotel Dieu, an hospital which still exists, and is now one of the largest and finest in America. The religious who have charge of it are called the Hospital Sisters of Saint Joseph, as it was, in a special manner, to honor that great Saint, that their convent and hospital were founded in Montreal. A French duchess gave her fortune to establish the Hotel Dieu.

7. Another great foundation was at that time made in Montreal—the Seminary of Saint Sulpice—to provide good priests for Mary's new colony. Mr. Olier, a holy French priest, was the founder of this new work. Other priests came from France to join him, and these Sulpicians, as they were and are called, have ever since been the spiritual guides and pastors of the people of Montreal. They built churches and provided schools at their own expense, by means of property given them at the beginning for that purpose.

8. These three great foundations were meant to honor the three persons of the Holy Family: the Seminary of Saint Sulpice, Jesus Christ, Our Lord—the Congregation bearing her name, the Ever Blessed Virgin—and the Hotel Dieu, Saint Joseph. They are still the glory of Montreal, and are likely to exist as long as the city itself. Later came the Jesuits, who

have a noble college and a very large and splendid church—the Gesú—in the city. Also, the Fathers Oblates, who have a fine church called St. Peter's.

9. Many years later, but still a long time ago, the General Hospital of the Grey Nuns was founded, by a pious widow named Madam d'Youville, and is now a noble asylum of charity, not only for the sick, but also for aged and infirm men, for orphans, and for foundlings. The Grey Nuns have also an asylum for the blind. Another order of religious, the Sisters of Providence, founded, in later times, a house for aged and infirm women, and for orphans; also, an asylum for the deaf and dumb.

10. Thus, the City of Mary is a city of charity and of religion. It has many beautiful churches, colleges, and academies; many schools, convents, and religious houses, hospitals, and asylums of various kinds, and is everywhere known as a truly Catholic city. It is, indeed, often styled the Rome of America. It is now one of the most beautiful cities in America



LESSON XXXV.

THE BEAR.

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|-------------------------------------|--|
| CLUM'SY, awkward. | PY'RE-NEES, mountains in Europe. |
| FE-RO'CIOUS, fierce, savage. | |
| AC-CEP'TA-BLE, pleasing, agreeable. | PIT-FALL', a pit dug to catch wild beasts. |
| IN-HABITS, lives in, dwells in. | AS-CENT', going up. |
| EX-TREME'LY, very much so. | TRE-MEN'DOUS, very strong, very great. |
| SWIT'ZER-LAND, a country in Europe. | PROB'A-BLY, perhaps. |
| | A-MUSE'MENT, sport. pas-time. |



BRUIN, as the bear is very often called, is a heavy, clumsy animal. He walks with the whole of his great, flat foot placed on the ground, unlike cats,

dogs, and other claw-footed animals, who walk only on their paws, or toes. There are several kinds of bears, and they can all eat either animal or vegetable food, so that a leg of mutton, a pot of honey, a potatoe, or an apple is equally acceptable to poor Bruin. Some bears are not very ferocious, while others are extremely so.

2. The Brown Bear inhabits the north of Europe, he is found also in Switzerland, and in the Pyrenees. The people of Northern Europe hunt it with much skill, and take it in traps and pitfalls, availing themselves of its love for honey. It is said that those who wish to catch the bear in those northern countries, place a hive high up in a tree, and plant long spikes round the foot. A heavy log of wood is then hung by a cord just before the entrance of the hive, and the trap is complete. The bear scents the honey, and comes to look at the tree.

3. The spikes rather astonish him, but he sniffs his way through them, and begins the ascent. When he has reached the hive, he is checked by the log hanging before the entrance. This, he finds, is moveable, and pushes aside; but it is just so long that a mere push will not entirely remove it, so he gives it a tremendous pat with his paw, and looks in at the entrance. Just as he has succeeded in putting his nose to the hive, the log swings back and hits him very hard on the head. This makes him very angry, and he pokes it away harder than ever, but it only returns with a more severe blow than before.

4. He has now a regular fight with the log, hitting it first to one side then to the other, the perverse

block being sure to strike his head every time, until at last a more severe blow than usual knocks him fairly off the tree on to the spikes below. Then he is caught by the hunters. In old times in England the bear used to be baited, that is to say, the bear was tied to a pole, and several dogs were set at him, the object being to see whether the bear could bite the dogs, or the dogs bite the bear with the greater force. This cruel sport is happily extinct. Bears are no longer baited for amusement.

5. The Grizzly Bear is the most fierce and powerful of its family, and is an animal that must either be avoided or fought. If a Grizzly Bear once sees a man, it will most likely chase him, and he will find it hard to escape. An American traveller told me lately, that he had been chased nearly thirty miles by one of these bears, who would probably have continued the chase as many miles more, had he not crossed a wide river, over which the bear did not choose to follow him.

6. The bear, like most animals, is very susceptible of kind treatment, and may be tamed without much difficulty. Most boys and girls who are brought up in cities or towns, have seen bears trained to dance, to the sound of music. Poor Bruin! his heavy clumsy form is not very well suited for dancing, and it is a curious sight to see a great shaggy bear standing on his hind legs, and moving to the sound of a waltz, or some other merry strain of music.

LESSON XXXVI.

THE DAISY.

| | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| AF-FIRM', to state. | LYRE, an ancient instru- |
| FLO'RAL, belonging to | ment of music. |
| flowers. | CHAU'CER, an English poet. |
| U'NI-VERSE, the whole cre- | IM-POS'SI-BLE, cannot be. |
| ation. | SWARD, smooth grass. |
| CON'SO-NANT, agreeable to. | CLUTCH'ED, caught hold of |

IT is not, perhaps, too much to affirm that there does not grow a floweret in the floral universe more interesting, or more consonant with the tender feelings of human nature than the Daisy,—“that wee crimson-tipp'd flower” which, nearly all the long year through, lifts its modest head on every field, and lawn, and mountain-side, as if to court the glance and smile of man. Poets, from the earliest ages to the present day, have tuned their lyres to sing the daisy's praise; but, methinks, none have sung more fitly than Chaucer, who said of it, in language whose simplicity accords with that *innocence*, of which it is the emblem, “the daisy, it is sweet.”

2. He could not have said less, 'twas impossible to have said more, for

“Sweetness implies a modest winning grace,
That sits in radiant beauty on the plainest face.”

Other flowers are, indeed, more gorgeous, but none more simply sweet, or more suggestive of tender thought and feeling. There is, indeed, a simple grace

and beauty in the lovely little daisy that grows in the open field as well as in the sheltered garden.

3. Who can gaze on these modest specks of white, with their golden bosses and tips of delicate pink, as they grow in millions on the green sward, opening their tiny cups to drink in the glad sunshine, or closing their drooped heads to sleep, as evening falls upon the landscape, without a sense of grateful emotion towards the floweret, whose province seems specially to be to gladden the heart of childhood.

4. And what long-gone memories of the past crowd upon the soul, reviving the time when, with tottering feet and bounding hearts, we fell upon the sward and clutched in childish glee clusters of sparkling daisies; when the lambs that frisked upon the hill-side trod them lightly under foot, so lightly that they scarce bruised a single leaf or stem; when kine lowed peacefully in the meadows, and larks sang gaily in the sky! And how vividly do we recall the deep earnestness with which we studied the art of necklace-making, and the glow of pride and joy with which we returned home encircled and festooned with daisies. Ah! sweet, modest gem! well may the human family, with one accord, unite in calling thee *innocent*.

5. When, smitten by the morning ray,
I see thee rise alert and gay,
Then, cheerful flower, my spirits play
 With kindred gladness:
And when, at dark, by dews oppress'd,
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased the pensive breast
 Of care and sadn

LESSON XXXVII.

A CHARGE.

| | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| RATTLE, a loud, crashing noise. | SA'BRE, a kind of sword. |
| BATTLE, a fight between two armies. | REPENT', to be sorry for. |
| WAVER, a hesitation. | TI'GER, here means a very loud cheer. |
| VOL'LEY, a firing off of many guns together. | RAN'DOM, by chance. |
| | CAPTAIN, an officer in an army. |

1. **U**P with the flag, boys! hark to the rattle,
Fall into line, boys! on to the battle!
Look at the countless hosts forming before you!
Fight for your country and the flag o'er you!
2. Steady a-down the line—never a waver!
Ours is a worthy foe, none could be braver!
Heaven, how they reap us! hundreds are dying
Close on the centre, boys! keep the flag flying!
3. Steady! God help us! shatter'd and broken!
Close on the centre, boys! give them a token!
Give them a volley now! steady aim—fire!
Out with your sabres, and strike in your ire!
4. Strike for your country and the flag o'er us!
Ha! they are breaking—fleeing before us;
Round with the guns, and in with the volley,
Make them repent, boys, all their mad folly!

5. Heaven, here's glory—our's is the battle!
Give us three cheers, and let the drums rattle!
Give us a tiger, boys, give us a——steady
That was my death-call, boys—but I am ready.
6. Lay me down gently, boys—gather around me:
That was a random shot; yes, but it found me!
Up with the flag, boys—wave it before me!
Here it is grand to die, with its folds o'er me!
7. Bend your ears closer; are you still near me?
I cannot see you—say, can you hear me?
I have a mother, widow'd and hoary,—
Tell her I died, boys, leading to glory!
8. Yes, it is grand, boys, grander than living—
Thus, for my country, love and life giving!
Yes, I am dying—your—captain—and brother—
Farewell for ever—my country, my mother!



LESSON XXXVIII.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| PA-RIS'I-AN, a dweller in Paris. | AT-TEN'TION, notice, regard. |
| EX-CESS'ES, deeds beyond all bounds. | ES-CAP'ING, getting away from. |
| DIF'FI-CUL-TY, trouble, strait. | OR'I-GIN, rise, beginning of. |
| WICK'ED-NESS, badness. | DIS-COV'ER, to find out. |
| IN'FA-MY, disgrace, ill-fame. | CON-FESS'ION, chief act in the sacrament of Penance. |
| DIS-GUST'ED, sick of, tired of. | |
| IM-MOR'TAL, that does not die. | SAV'AGES, wild men. |
| VIC'TO-RIES, triumphs. | MAR'TYR-DOM, death for the Faith. |

A YOUNG Parisian, of good family, had, like too many others, lost his faith in the pursuit of pleasures and excesses of all kinds. Cast-off by his parents, who were filled with grief at his unworthy conduct, he found himself in a short time without the means of living. In this difficulty, he applied and was admitted as professor in a college; but his conduct was so shameless that the Superiors were obliged to expel him, publicly. •

2. From that moment his wickedness knew no bounds. He cast off all shame, and plunged into the most frightful excesses. In a short time he was brought to the lowest stage of want and infamy.

Disgusted with himself and the world, he fell into despair, and resolved to take away his own life. He directed his steps to the banks of the river. He was about to plunge into the water, and thus find the end, as he thought, of all his misery, when he heard a voice cry, "Take care! take care!"

3. It was the voice of some sailors on a vessel near by, whom, in the disturbed state of his mind, he had not seen. He left the place, and, following the course of the river, sought a more retired spot, where he might put his fatal intention into effect more securely. But, while walking along, a thought suddenly struck him:—"In another quarter of an hour this body will be dragged from the river and carried to the dead-house! But my soul! my immortal soul! where shall it be?" He stopped, thought for a few moments, and turned back.

4. Entering the city, he found himself in a street, through which he walked from end to end without knowing where it would lead to. At the end of the street he stopped again, and, raising his eyes, found himself before the door of the Church of Our Lady of Victories. Something whispered to him to enter, and, obeying the impulse, he went in and sat down near the-pulpit. It was the dusk of the evening, and the lights, which are always burning before the image of the Blessed Virgin Mary, attracted his attention.

5. The brightness of their light suddenly revealed to him her image. At this sight he felt so strange, so powerful a feeling come over him, which he could not account for, that he rose up and rushed from the

church as though escaping from the hands of some hidden enemy. During the whole night the wretched young man was tortured by this strange terror; and, as he could discover neither the cause nor the origin of this fear, he resolved to return next morning to the church.

6. At the very first dawn of day he directed his steps again to Our Lady of Victories, led on, as he said himself, by a power to which he had to yield. Scarcely had he entered the church, when his eyes turned eagerly towards the image of our Holy Mother, at the feet of which was kneeling an aged priest. The young man approached, calling out in a loud voice, "Oh! Father!" The holy priest turned round and said, "Well, my dear friend?"

"Indeed, sir," replied he, "I don't know why I called you. One thing is very certain, it was't to go to confession."

7. The good father mildly answered, "But, my friend, there is no question of confession. You seem to me to be in great trouble; what is the matter?"

"Well, yes, sir; the fact is, I am very sad. I am very miserable. I passed before this church yesterday, and entered. I could not help coming back here this morning; and, strange to say, I find you here; so I must tell you my feelings." The good priest listened to the account which the young man gave him, and was about to say some consoling words, when the poor fellow suddenly burst into tears and desired him to hear his confession.

8. The victory was won. The Holy Virgin, by her powerful prayers, had snatched forever from crime

and despair a soul whose eternal loss seemed certain. From that happy moment an entire change took place in this heart so abased, in this nature so degraded. Not many years after, the young man thus saved became a priest, and went to seek amongst savages, in foreign lands, the salvation of souls, and, perhaps, the glory of martyrdom.

LESSON XXXIX.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

| | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| SETTLERS, people coming | EN'MI-TY, hatred, dislike. |
| to live in a new country. | TRAIT, instance, quality. |
| CHAR'AC-TER, qualities of a | PRIS'ON-ER, one in prison. |
| person, or nation. | CAP'TIVE, one who has been |
| DIS-TRUST', suspicion. | caught. |

WHEN the first settlers from Europe came into this country, they found here before them, a race of men differing in many ways from themselves. This race is known as the Indian, and, on account of the color of their skins, they are also called *red men*. They are divided into a number of nations or tribes.

2. The character of this strange race was one which caused the settlers to look upon them with distrust. It may be that on account of the enmity which has always existed between them and the whites, the latter have made their faults appear greater than they really are. However that may be, we are told that the Indians are cruel, deceitful, and that they never

forgive an injury; as they look upon the whites as robbers, who have taken from them their lands, it is not surprising that they think it only right to kill as many of them as they can.



3. Of course, some tribes of the Indians who have lived on the borders of our States, have changed their ideas in this respect, and live very quietly, side by side with their white neighbors, but the more remote tribes still cherish a very bitter feeling against us. The Indian character, however, is not without its virtues. They are said to be strict lovers of truth, detesting none so much as a liar; in which trait we might take a very good example from them. They would endure any amount of suffering rather than betray a secret which they had promised to keep; and they are, moreover, noted for bearing intense pain without flinching.

4. In person, most of the Indians are tall, and sparsely built; with long black hair hanging down

on their shoulders, but no beard. It is, by the way, almost unheard of to see an Indian wearing a beard. The color of their skin is reddish, though the effect of the sun and weather upon it gives them a much darker hue, almost black. In old times, before they began to copy after the whites, they used to paint their faces and breasts in several colors, in order to give themselves a frightful appearance. Their object was to make their enemies afraid of their very looks.

5. In those times their only clothing was that which they made of the skins of wild beasts. It is very seldom now that you can see them in their ancient dress, as it is only those of them who live far away, beyond the dwellings of white men, that dress according to the savage custom. Some of the tribes living near our borders do, now and then, come out in their costume, and it is certainly a very strange one.

6. As a general thing, the Indians are quick as thought in their motions, very fast runners, fine horsemen, and sure shots, with the gun or the bow. Their delight is hunting and riding, which, in old times, together then with many wars, took up their whole time.

There is a story told in American history which will serve to show how little mercy they used to show to such of the white men as fell into their hands; though in this case, one was found amongst them to take pity on the poor prisoner and save his life.

7. Captain John Smith was taken captive by a tribe of Indians, whose king was called Powhatan. The unhappy man, doomed to death, was dragged in front of the king, his head laid upon a large stone, and a

powerful Indian raised the mighty club which was to beat his brains out, and was just about to strike, when Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, moved to pity by the awful death which Smith was about to meet, ran up to her father and begged him to spare the stranger's life. He refused to do so, when Pocahontas ran to where Smith lay and bent her head over his, declaring that the blow which should kill him, must strike her first. Her father was moved by this beautiful act of his daughter, and granted her the life of Smith, who was not only saved, but soon after set free.

LESSON XL.

THE DOG OF ST. BERNARD'S.

| | |
|---------------------------|------------------------------|
| SAINT BER'NARD'S, a very | SCRIP, what pilgrims car- |
| high mountain in Switz- | ried their food in. |
| erland. | TOW'ER, the upper part of |
| MIS-FOR'TUNE, a sad oc- | a high building. |
| currence. | UN-WIL'LING-LY, against |
| FAL'TER-ING, failing, un- | one's will. |
| certain. | LOI'TER, to walk slowly, |
| BE-WIL'DER-ED, at a loss, | idly. |
| stupified. | REF'UGE, a place of shelter. |

1. **T**HEY tell that on Saint Bernard's mount,
Where holy monks abide,
Still mindful of misfortune's claim,
Though dead to all beside,—

The weary, way-worn traveller
Oft sinks beneath the snow ;
For, where his faltering steps to bend
No track is left to show.

2. 'Twas here, bewilder'd and alone,
A stranger roam'd at night ;
His heart was heavy as his tread,
His scrip alone was light.

Onward he press'd, yet many an hour
He had not tasted food ;
And many an hour he had not known
Which way his footsteps trod.

3. And if the convent bell had rung
To hail the pilgrim near,
It still had rung in vain for him—
He was too far to hear.

And should the morning light disclose
Its towers amid the snow,
To him 'twould be a mournful sight—
He had not strength to go.

4. Valor could arm no mortal man
That night to meet the storm ;
No glow of pity could have kept
A human bosom warm.

But, obedience to a master's will
Had taught the dog to roam ;
And through the terrors of the waste,
To fetch the wanderer home.

5. And if it be too much to say
That pity gave him speed,
'Tis sure he not unwillingly
Perform'd the generous deed.

For now he listens, and anon
He scents the distant breeze,
And casts a keen and anxious look
On every speck he sees.

6. And now, deceived, he darts along,
As if he trod the air;
Then, disappointed, droops his head
With more than human care.

He never loiters by the way,
Nor lays him down to rest;
Nor seeks a refuge from the shower
That pelts his generous breast.

7. And surely 'tis not less than joy
That makes it throb so fast,
When he sees, extended on the snow,
The wanderer, found at last.

'Tis surely he—he sees him move;
And, at the joyful sight,
He toss'd his head with prouder air—
His fierce eye grew more bright.

8. Eager emotion swell'd his breast,
To tell his generous tale;
And he raised his voice to its loudest tone,
'To bid the wanderer hail.

The pilgrim heard—he raised his head,
Beheld the shaggy form;
With sudden fear, he seized the gun
That rested on his arm:

9. "Ha! art thou come to rend alive
What dead thou might'st devour?
And does thy savage fury grudge
My one remaining hour?"

Fear gave him back his wasted strength,
He took his aim too well;
The bullet bore the message home—
The injured mastiff fell.

10. His eye was dimm'd, his voice was still,
And he toss'd his head no more;
But his heart, which ceased to throb with joy,
Was generous as before.

For round his willing neck he bore
A store of needful food,
That might support the traveller's strength
On the yet remaining road.

11. Enough of parting life remain'd
His errand to fulfil—
One painful, dying effort more
Might save the wanderer still.

So he heeded not his aching wound,
But crawl'd to the traveller's side;
Mark'd with a look the way he came,
Then shut his eyes, and died.

LESSON XLI.

THE CHILD'S LOVE.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| RE-COL-LECT', call to mind, remember. | ORPHAN, child without parents. |
| RE'AL-IZ-ED, felt certain. | CHURCH'YARD, place to bury the dead. |
| RE-MAINS', corpse, body after death. | AB'SENCE, being away. |



IN a pleasant little village, some years ago, lived a widow and her only child, a pretty little girl, of some six summers. The little one's father had died long before she remembered, and the first thing she could recollect was seeing her gentle mother, clad in the black clothes she had worn ever since.

The widow earned their daily bread by sewing, and by the sale of a few flowers, which the little garden yielded; and, with just enough to keep them from want, and a little to spare, now and then, for others poorer than themselves, lived the mother and her little daughter.

2. They were very happy in their cottage-home. All day, while the widow worked, little May would sit by and watch the busy needle, now asking questions,

as a child will, about all sorts of things; now listening eagerly to a pretty story her mother was telling; or, to that sweet voice as it sang one of the songs she loved so much. Then, when her mother grew tired sewing, and went out into the garden to watch her pretty flowers, May would go out with her, and frisk and sport in the warm sunshine.

3. Often, when busy over her sewing, or when, in the long winter evenings, they sat together by the cheerful fire, the mother would relate to little May, in gentle words, the wondrous tale of Him, who of old died on a Cross for the sake of men, and paint for her the beauties of the heavenly kingdom which will come after this world is over. The child always listened earnestly, and, at last grew to like such stories better than any others her mother could tell her. The latter was very much pleased to see this, as her great aim was to bring up her daughter in the love of God, and of holy things.

4. Thus their simple life was very happy. But, when May was nearly seven years old, it pleased the good God to take from her the mother she loved so much. It was the first time that innocent child had seen death, and in fact, at first she hardly realized that the body which lay so still and cold, would never again open its eyes, never again speak to her from the lips that had never spoken but lovingly. It was only when, on one dreary morning, she saw them lay those cold remains in the dark hole they had opened, in the ground, that she began to feel that the one who had been dearest to her on earth, was gone, and then she cried bitterly.

5. Kind friends took the lonely orphan home with them, and tried, but in vain, to comfort her, and dry her tears. But she still wept, and they did not know what to do with her, until some one happened to say that her mother would one day rise from her cold grave in the church-yard, and live forever. They noticed that these words seemed to have more effect on little May than anything they had said; she dried her tears, and, looking into the face of the person who had uttered them, made him repeat what he had said. They were not a little surprised to see that, after that, she wept no more.

6. She stole away, as her friends thought, somewhere about the house, nor did they mind her absence, until it came time for dinner, when she was not to be found anywhere. Somewhat alarmed, they sent and searched through the village, but without success; until some one happening to look into the church-yard found her kneeling by her mother's grave, gazing intently upon it, and heeding nothing that was going on around. When asked why she had come there, and what she was doing, she answered, "Didn't you tell me that mother will rise again. I am waiting till she comes." The simple child in the great strength of her love for the mother she had lost, had thought that it was in this life, that her mother would arise.



LESSON XLII.

THE OLD-FASHIONED FIRE-PLACE.

| | |
|--|---|
| LOG'HOUSE, a house built of logs. | WAN'DER-ING, going round. |
| OLD'FASH-ION-ED, like old times, belonging to old times. | STUD'IED, applied himself to learn. |
| CUP'BOARD, a closet in the wall with shelves. | EM-PLOY'ER, one who em- ploys or gives work. |
| | LIBRA-RY, a collection of books. |

ONCE there was a man who lived near a wood. He was a kind man, and had a very kind family, his wife and two children—Julia, almost six, and Frank, just four years old; they were good to one another, and their father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Workman, were very proud of their children. They lived in a large log-house with two doors, one in front and one behind, and a window near each. In one end of the house were two bed-rooms, one for the family and one for visitors, with windows looking out; and in the other end was the old-fashioned fire-place.

2. One cold winter's night, when the wind was blowing the snow around the house and whistling in through the cracks, they were all seated around the great blazing fire on the hearth, telling stories and looking at the fire. They were very happy. All at once they heard a little knock at the door, and Mr. Workman said, "Come in!" Then the door opened, and they saw a poor little boy, with old shoes and

ragged clothes, all covered with ice and snow. They all started up in pity, and Frank brushed off the snow, while his mother placed a chair before the fire and made the little boy sit down, and then brought him some nice bread and butter from the cupboard.

3. While he was eating his supper, they all sat down around him and looked very kind, and asked him many questions. He looked on their kind faces and then on the great blazing fire, and said to himself, "The hearts of these people are full of love, and it shines through their faces like that fire. I love them very much." Then he was happy, too. After a while his head began to droop; he was tired, and soon he fell asleep in his chair by the bright fire; and then Mr. Workman carried him to a little warm bed near Frank's, where he slept soundly.

4. Years passed; the little boy, whose name was John, and whose parents had died in the city, leaving him a poor wandering orphan, became Frank's play-fellow, and they grew up together like brothers. By and by, Mr. Workman grew rich, and built a fine house, but it had no old-fashioned fire-place. John felt very bad for this; he remembered the night long ago, and he loved to sit by the great fire and see the love shining on the faces of his friends, as they looked into the blaze and on the coals, and told stories to one another in the long winter evenings.

5. But here were those black stoves, with only a little fire shining through the cracks; besides, he thought the faces of his friends were darker, too, and as they grew richer he feared they liked him less and had less love for the poor, whom they always used to

help—so the tears fell when he thought of the dear old-fashioned fire-place. Soon Mr. and Mrs. Workman were sorry they had kept him, and Julia would hardly speak to him, and even his old playfellow, Frank, became cross, and ordered him around like a servant.

6. They were very proud. Poor John felt very bad. Many a day he went into the old log-house, and stood on the hearth where the fire used to be, and cried till his poor heart would nearly break. He loved Mr. Workman's family, for they had been kind to him when they were poor, but now they loved him no more; they grew prouder and richer every day. But John had a brave heart, and he said he would be a man yet; so he studied hard when he had time, and when he was twenty-one he went into the city, and became a clerk in a store.

7. His employer liked him very much, and in a few years made him his partner. Now John was a rich man, and so he built a very grand house, with many beautiful rooms with fine carpets, and fine furniture and pictures, and a select library; and all the city was glad, for John was a good man, and loved by everybody. He was called the father of the poor, for the orphan and the widow, sick men, and women, and children, came to him, and he gave them food and clothes, and medicine, and warm beds, and they went away blessing him, and praying that God would shower down his gifts forever on so good a man.

8. He remembered that he was once a cold and hungry orphan himself, and he always said, "Be good to the poor in the hard winter, and their God will be

good to you." And now John made a great feast in his house, and called all his friends together to rejoice with him, for it was his wedding-day, and he had brought home his young wife, Mary, the beautiful daughter of his old employer. Mr. and Mrs. Workman, with Julia and Frank were there; Julia was bridesmaid, and Frank was groomsman, and every face was full of gladness.

9. John brought them all into his grand parlor, a glorious room, full of all things rare and beautiful, but the most beautiful thing there was the old-fashioned fire-place, blazing bright, just like that in the old log-house. John looked on his old friends, and asked them if they remembered the evening long ago, when they took him in and warmed and fed him by the dear old fire in the old log-house. Then they felt sad for their unkindness, and asked his pardon; but he had forgiven them long ago, and now he kindly shook hands with them all, and the fire blazed brighter and brighter.

10. Mr. Workman, whose head had grown gray with years, laid his hands on John's and Mary's head, and blessed them, and said, "Let us never grow proud when we grow rich. God gives us wealth that we may use it as John has done, and thus be truly blest, while God's love will shine forth on our faces, even as the fire does from this dear old-fashioned fire-place." After that they partook of an excellent supper, as you may be sure, and then returned to the old-fashioned fire-place to spend a happy evening, as in old times when John was a poor boy. Frank was proud no more; he had learned how foolish that is.

11. They had good music by Mary and Julia, who also sang some fine old songs, assisted by John and Frank. Then all gathered about the fire-place and told stories, and joked and laughed, as the happy always will do.

So this is the story of "The Old-fashioned Fire-place," and I hope it will please my little readers, and that they will learn from it to be always kind to the poor, who are the friends of God. They who are not kind to the poor will have no place in the eternal home, which is Heaven.

LESSON XLIII.

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

| | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| OC'CU-PIES, takes up, requires. | DO-MES'TIC, belonging to home. |
| MUS'CLE, organ of motion. | TES'TA-MENT, a portion of the Bible. |
| STOM'ACH, the place which receives the food. | VI'CIOUS, wicked, bad. |
| PORT'A-BLE, that can be carried about. | RE-VENGE', returning evil for evil. |
| WHOLE'SOME, that which is good for health. | DES'ERT, a wild, bleak place. |

IN those countries where there are deserts so vast, that the journey across them occupies days, and sometimes weeks, the only animal that will avail to carry people, or their goods, is the camel, which is hence called "the ship of the desert." The camel, in

a northern country, and to eyes unused to its appearance, does not strike one in its favour on first sight. The seemingly ill-shaped legs and large flat feet, the hump on the back, the long neck that seems to be painfully taxed to bear up the very small and almost earless head, make it look quite ungainly.



2. Then it is by no means graceful in its motions, and as its coat is composed as much of fur as of hair, which mixture is not equally divided, it makes an unpleasant covering to look at. But though the camel is not blessed by nature with fine looks, it is one of the most useful of animals; indeed, so great is its value in the sandy regions, which are its home, that if it were to die out, the people of those countries would not be able to exist.

3. The camel is a special instance of how well God adapts animals to the places in which they are to live, and the work they have to do. Its hard, dry body has not the least useless flesh on it, and its thighs and legs have only those muscles that are actually needed for movement. It can live on scanty herbs that grow

on the sands of the desert, and its jaws are made very strong, to enable it to chew even the toughest of these weeds. When hard pressed, it will live several days without eating anything at all.

4. One of the strangest facts concerning this animal is the water sacks with which it is gifted. These sacks, which are entirely apart from its stomach, it fills with water, at the beginning of a long journey, and is then able to do without drinking for a great while. It can tell the place where water is, at a great distance off, probably by its sense of smell; and has thus often been the means of saving hundreds of people from dying of thirst in the desert. We read that when, after travelling perhaps thirteen or fourteen hours under the scorching sun, it comes to a spring, it shows its eagerness to be served; but when the cool water is offered to it, will drink very sparingly.

5. Though it would seem, from the picture on the preceding page, that the camel could not make a journey with much speed, still his power of holding out is so great, that he can travel fifty or sixty miles at a time, much quicker than could a horse, and at the same time carrying a burden. The weights that it will carry are very great: generally its load is from four hundred to a thousand pounds; it has been known, though, to carry fifteen hundred for a short distance.

6. The people of the desert, called Arabs, almost live on the backs of their camels. When, about setting out, an Arab will place his wife and children in a basket slung on one side of the animal, and then getting into another basket on the other side, will start his "ship of the desert." He often sleeps on the

camel, and the Arab women sometimes even do their cooking on its back. The way in which they do this is very simple. One woman, mounted on a camel, grinds the wheat in a hand-mill, and then passes the flour to another woman riding a camel laden with water, who mixes it and kneads it into dough; it is then passed to another woman who bakes it in a portable oven, heated with wood and straw.

7. Not only does the camel prove a faithful servant to man during its life, but even after death it is useful. Thus, its flesh is very sweet and wholesome, and its milk is one of the best of drinks. Of its hide, tents are made; its hair yields the most splendid shawls; whilst its bones serve for weapons of war, as well as for articles used in the household, and in the small farming of the country. From the very earliest times, the camel has had a place in the domestic life of the people among whom it lives. We read of it in the Old Testament, as serving the patriarchs Abraham and Jacob. Amongst the Arabs, indeed, it is held as a sacred animal.

8. In temper, the camel is not vicious, but he does not go to his work at all eagerly. His patience is very great—the only sign he gives when over worked, or otherwise badly used, being a sort of groan, which cannot easily be described, but which sounds rather alarming when uttered by hundreds at once. But though patient and by no means wicked in temper, still, if once injured, the camel will watch till it can take revenge. The following story which the Arabs tell, and believe it too, will show how far it sometimes goes in punishing the offender.

9. A certain camel-driver had bitterly insulted, in some way the animal under his charge. The camel seemed disposed to take revenge for the injury, but the driver kept for several days out of the way. One night the man went for safety inside of his tent, leaving his cloak spread over the saddle on the outside. During the night, he heard the camel coming near the cloak, and, after making sure that it was his master's and believing that the master was asleep beneath it the camel lay down and rolled backward and forward over it, much gratified, it would seem, by the cracking and smashing of the saddle underneath it, thinking it was his master's bones he was breaking.

10. Having finished his work, the camel looked at it a moment with pleasure, and then walked away. The next morning, at the usual hour, the master presented himself to the camel; the poor animal was so enraged at seeing, safe before him, the enemy whom he thought he had crushed, the night before, and was so filled with grief, that he broke his heart, and died on the spot.

11. Great are the wonderful works of God. How well He has adapted the different kinds of animals to the countries they are to inhabit! Thus, while the horse is better suited to our climates, and to the hard, smooth roads he has here and in Europe, he would be of very little use in the sandy deserts of Arabia, and other countries of Asia. So it is that the great Creator of all things, has formed every animal to suit the country and climate in which it is to dwell, and the people it is to serve.

LESSON XLIV.

THE DISCONTENTED TREE.

| | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| NEE'DLES, sharp points. | SHIV'ER-ED, broken to |
| COM'RADES, companions. | pieces. |
| FOR'EST, a great wood. | OUT-RIGHT,' out loud. |
| DIS-TRESS'ED, vexed, trou- | RE-MAINS', continues. |
| bled. | FLOUT, fun, making fun. |
| FU'RI-OUS, very strong, | MIGHT'Y, very great, very |
| violent. | strong. |

1. **A** LITTLE tree stood up in the wood,
A In bright and cloudy weather;
And nothing but needles it had for leaves
From top to bottom together.
The needles stuck about,
And the little tree spoke out: .
2. "My comrades all have leaves
Beautiful to see,
While I've nothing but these needles;—
No one touches me.
Might I have my fortune told,
All my leaves should be pure gold."
3. The little tree's asleep by dark,
Awake by earliest light;
And now its golden leaves you mark—
There was a sight!
The little tree says, "Now I'm set high;
No tree in the wood has gold leaves but I"

4. But now, again, the night came back ;
Through the forest there walked a Jew,
With great thick beard and great thick sack,
Who soon the golden leaves did view ;
He pockets them all and away does far,
Leaving the little tree quite bare.
5. The little tree speaks up distress'd :
"Those golden leaves how I lament !
I'm quite ashamed before the rest,
Such lovely dress to them is lent,
Might I bring one more wish to pass,
I would have my leaves of the clearest glass."
6. The little tree sleeps again at dark,
And wakes with the early light,
And now its glass leaves you may mark—
There was a sight !
The little tree says, "Now I'm right glad,
No tree in the wood is so brightly clad."
7. There came up now a mighty blast,
And a furious gale it blew ;
It swept among the trees full fast,
And on the glass leaves it flew.
There lay the leaves of glass
All shivered on the grass.
8. The little tree complains :
"My glass lies on the ground :
Each other tree remains
With its green dress all round.
Might I but have my wish once more,
I'd have of those green leaves good store."

9. Again asleep is the little tree,
And early wakes to the light;
He is cover'd with green leaves fair to see;
He laughs outright,
And says, "I am now all nicely drest,
Nor need be ashamed before the rest."
10. And now, with udders full,
Forth a wild she-goat sprung,
Seeking for herbs to pull
To feed her young.
She sees the leaves, nor makes much talk,
But strips all clear to the very stalk.
11. The little tree again is bare,
And thus, to himself, he said,
"No longer for such leaves I care,
Be they green, or yellow, or red:
If I had but my needles again,
I would never more scold or complain."
12. The little tree slept sad that night,
And sadly opened his eye;—
He sees himself in the sun's first light—
And laughs as if he would die:
And all the trees in a roar burst out,
But the tree cared little for all their flout.
13. What made the little tree laugh like mad?
And what set the rest in a roar?
In a single night, soon back he had
Every needle he had before;
And every body may see them such:—
Go out and look, but do not touch.

LESSON XLV.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

| | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| The CRANE, STORK, PEL'I- | GLO'RI-OUS, full of glory. |
| CAN, very large birds. | CON-CEIVE', imagine, un- |
| EL'E-PHANT, the largest of | derstand. |
| land animals. | CON-TIN'UED, went on as |
| FLIT'TING, moving very | before. |
| lightly. | WICK'ED, very bad. |
| CHARM'ING, very pleasing. | DE-NY'ING, keeping from, |
| PROOF, a token, a sign. | forbidding. |

IN the garden of Eden might have been seen the crane, the stork, or the pelican, wading in the waters of the river, or diving in search of food; and, grazing on the green grass beneath the shady trees, were the friendly horse, the stately elephant, the useful camel, the swift-footed deer, the harmless sheep, the playful goat, the timid rabbit, and many other creatures. There, too, were the busy bee and the gay-colored butterfly, flitting from flower to flower, and sipping the sweets they contained.

2. And how charming it would have been to hear the joyous notes of the lark, the nightingale, the blackbird, the linnet, and the thrush; or to touch the green, and gold, and purple feathers of birds which had no other charms than their dress!

But, the last made, and most wonderful of all the creatures in that garden, were Adam and Eve, at that time the only man and woman in the wide, wide

world. So holy and happy were they, that even the great God said they were "very good;" and he spoke to them lovingly, and they spoke to God as little children speak to a kind father when they feel that he loves them.

3. Man was, even then, the greatest proof of God's wisdom and love; for whilst man's *body* was formed of the dust of the earth, God gave him, also, a soul, which rejoiced within itself, as it saw God's power, wisdom, and goodness in His glorious works.

And man was then, also, a happy being, quite happy; for whilst all his wants were freely supplied, sickness, pain, and death were then unknown, and he felt that he was living under God's constant, loving smile.

4. We cannot fully conceive what joy Adam and Eve must have felt, when they first looked upon the green grass, and fruit, and flowers, and upon the clear blue sky, and shining sun, and heard the great God say that all the world was theirs, except the fruit of one tree, which His wisdom and love alone forbade them to touch.

Clouds seem to be gathering in the sky when we think that the happiness of all who were to live after them was in their care; that if they, the first parents, continued holy, their children would be holy; and, that if they, the first parents, sinned, their children would be born sinners, and do wicked things.

5. But we will not bring a cloud over this picture of the happy garden by telling how Adam and Eve acted; we will rather think of the goodness of God in denying to man only one tree, and in showing him

plainly where it grew, so that he might avoid it, and in warning him so solemnly, "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die."

LESSON XLVI.

THE RAIN.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| IN-VI'TED, asked to go. | GRAT'I-TUDE, thankfulness. |
| UN-HAP'PY, sad, dejected. | TROU'BLED, grieved, vexed. |
| PA'TIENT-LY, with patience. | RE-FRESH'ED, comforted. |
| DIM'PLES, forms in small hollows. | BROOKS, small streams. |
| GLAD'NESS, joy, pleasure. | DWIN'DLED, diminished in size. |

IT is raining, mother," said a little girl, who was looking out at a window, "and I cannot make that visit to Emma to-day. She invited me twice before; but it rained, and now it is raining hard again."

"I hope you will not be unhappy," said her mother; "I think I see tears upon your cheeks. I will not say it is a little thing, for the troubles of children seem great to them; but I trust you will wait patiently for good weather.

2. "Look out into your garden, and see how happy the rosebuds are to catch the soft rain-drops in their bosom, and how the violets lift up their sweet faces, to meet it, and as the drops fall into the quiet stream, how it dimples with gladness and gratitude. The cattle will drink at the stream, and be refreshed. Should it be dried up, they would be much troubled;

and were the green grass to grow brown and die, they would then be troubled more, and some of them might perish for want of food."



3. Then the good mother told her daughter of the sandy deserts in the East, and of the camel, who patiently bears thirst for many days, and how the fainting traveller watched for the rain-cloud, and blessed God when he found the water: and she showed her pictures of the camel, and of the caravan, or company

of travellers, and how they were sometimes buried under the sands of the desert.

4. And she told her the story of the mother who wandered in the wilderness with her son; how, when the water in the bottle was all gone, she laid him under the shade to die, and went, in her anguish, and prayed to God; then, how an angel showed her a fountain of water—and her son lived. She told her how there fell no rain in Israel for more than three years, and the grass dried up, and the brooks dwindled away, and the cattle died; and how the good prophet Elias prayed to God, and the skies sent **their** blessed rain, and the earth gave forth her fruit.

5. Many other things this good mother told her child, to entertain her. Then they sang a hymn to the angels, and the little girl was surprised to find the afternoon so swiftly spent, for the time passed pleasantly.

So she thanked her kind mother for the stories she had told, and the pictures she had shown her. And she smiled, and said, "What God pleases is best!"

The mother kissed her, and said: "Carry this sweet spirit, with you, my child, as long as you live, and you will have gathered more wisdom from the storm than from the sunshine."



LESSON XLVII.

CHRISTMAS.

| | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| CHRIST'MAS, the festival of | MUTE, silent. |
| the birth of Christ. | MOURN'FUL-LY, sorrowfully |
| VIS'ION, means here some- | PLAIN'TIVE, sad. |
| thing imagined. | QUAFF'ED, drank. |
| CHIMES, church-bells. | SPARK'LING, bright. |
| RE-CALL', to remember. | DE-SCEND'ED, come down. |

CHRISTMAS again! The same familiar story, never to grow old; the same word, never to be mentioned without a glow of love, never to be spoken or sung but that a host of visions rise, so bright, so sweet, and yet so sad. Ah! dear reader, since you heard the Christmas chimes last year what has happened? What joy, what sorrow, what voice is mute forever, that once made your heart light with its music? What dear face is gone and you can only recall it, wondering that you can bear the darkness now its light is set?

2. What empty chair is that at which you look so mournfully, never to be filled with the same dear form again? Why, through the Christmas melody runs a plaintive air that brings tears with smiles? Is it that God has taken one of your best beloved home? Take comfort; for, if Christmas on earth is so beautiful, so full of love and kindness, what is Christmas in Heaven?

3. Years ago, before the world had hardened us, and we had become sharers in its toils and cares, how the name of Christmas rejoiced us then! And now, world-worn and weary, how our hearts escape from bondage, and go back again to those happy, innocent days, and we think with a sigh of all that has happened since Christmas was the greatest event in our lives, and its holy days our greatest pleasure. What years we seem to have lived since then,—years of dreams, of hopes, of disappointment; what draughts we have quaffed from that sparkling cup the world presents to the young and innocent, and what poison has it proved!

4. How we long once more for what Christmas will never bring again—the touch of a mother's hand, the sound of a father's voice, or the look of a dead sister's face. How many changes we have seen since then. All pass in review before us; and yet, no matter how sad the remembrance, how heavy the grief, Christmas brings its own sunshine and its own music. It is as though the sunshine of God's love shone brighter and warmer upon us at Christmas time, for our hearts grow larger and kinder, friends seem dearer to us, coldness and unkindness vanish, with the lesson of love that Christmas brings.

5. The Christmas song, that has descended for ages, rings again in our ears, how “unto us a Child was born;” how, for love of us, Our dear Lord descended from His high Heaven, and became a little helpless babe. We can picture the scene—we have thought of it so long and so lovingly—how this Christmas night, nigh two thousand years ago, when the snow lay hard

and white upon the ground, and the stars burned in the dark depths of a blue sky; how crowds of angels descended and hovered round, shading, with their bright wings, the cold, cheerless stable, where lay our Lord and King.

6. How angels knelt and worshipped in those bare walls, making a glorious light and halo with their loving eyes and fair faces; and how the light was more glorious and more golden, and the very angels scarcely breathed for awe, round the crib where lay the Holy child, fair as a snow-drop, tender as a lily, smiling and radiant, and yet, with a mysterious foreshadowing in the depths of those sweet eyes, as though, through the winter's night, glowing under the pure stars, He could see the Cross and the ungrateful hearts of men.

7. Kneeling by Him, in rapt and silent worship, love beaming from her fair angelic face, tears of joy streaming from her dove-like eyes, joy and peace, as it were, crossing her brow, was "Mary His Mother;" and standing at a distance, gazing upon the mother and the child, wondering in the depths of his holy and humble heart was Saint Joseph; and the angels thronged around, chanting the hymn that they chant now, "Glory to God in the highest." Over the stable, clear and golden in the sky, was the star of Bethlehem; and dimly sounding through the clear cold air, came the noise of the city and the busy hum of life. How lovely is the Christmas picture that memory brings us from year to year!

LESSON XLVIII.

THE "HOLLY AND IVY" GIRL.

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|---|--|
| I'VY AND HOL'LY, ever- greens much used at Christmas. | IM-PE'DED, prevented, ob- structed. |
| EN-TAN'GLED, matted. | DIM'MED, made dim. |
| PIT'I-LESS, hard, without pity. | PIER'CING, sharp, shrill. |
| EV'I-DENT, plain to be seen. | SA'CRED, holy, blessed. |
| | LIF'FEY, a river in Ireland. |
| | MIN'STREL, a singer. |

COME, buy my nice, fresh Ivy, and my Holly
sprigs so green;

I have the finest branches that ever yet were seen
Come, buy from me, good Christians, and let me
home, I pray,

And I'll wish you 'Merry Christmas Times, and a
Happy New Year's Day.'

2. "Ah! won't you take my Ivy?—the loveliest ever
seen!

Ah! won't you have my Holly boughs?—all you
who love the Green!

Do!—take a bunch of each, and on my knees I'll
pray,

That God may bless your Christmas, and be with
you New Year's Day.

3. This wind is bleak and bitter, and the hail-stones
do not spare

My shivering form, my bleeding feet, and stiff,
entangled hair;

Then, when the skies are pitiless, be merciful I
say—

So Heaven will light your Christmas, and the com-
ing New Year's Day."

4. 'Twas thus a dying maiden sang, whilst the cold
hail rattled down,
And fierce winds whistled mournfully o'er Dublin's
dreary town;
One stiff hand clutch'd her Ivy sprigs and Holly
boughs so fair—
With the other she kept brushing the hail-drops
from her hair.
5. So grim and statue-like she seem'd, 'twas evident
that Death
Was lurking in her footsteps—whilst her hot, im-
peded breath
Too plainly told her early doom—though the bur-
den of her lay
Was still of life and Christmas joys, and a Happy
New Year's Day.
6. 'Twas in that broad, bleak Thomas Street I heard
the wanderer sing—
I stood a moment in the mire, beyond the ragged
ring;
My heart felt cold and lonely, and my thoughts
were far away,
Where I was many a Christmas-tide and Happy
New Year's Day.

I dreamed of wandering in the woods, among the
Holly green—

I dream'd of my own native cot, and porch with
Ivy screen—

I dream'd of lights forever dimm'd—of hopes that
can't return—

And dropp'd a tear on Christmas fires that never
more may burn.

The ghost-like singer still sang on—but no one
came to buy;

The hurrying crowd pass'd to and fro, but did not
heed her cry;

She utter'd one low, piercing moan—and cast her
boughs away—

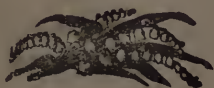
And, smiling, cried—"I'll rest with God before the
New Year's Day!"

On New Year's Day I said my prayers above a
new-made grave,

Dug decently in sacred soil, by Liffey's murmuring
wave;

The minstrel maid from earth to Heaven has
wing'd her happy way,

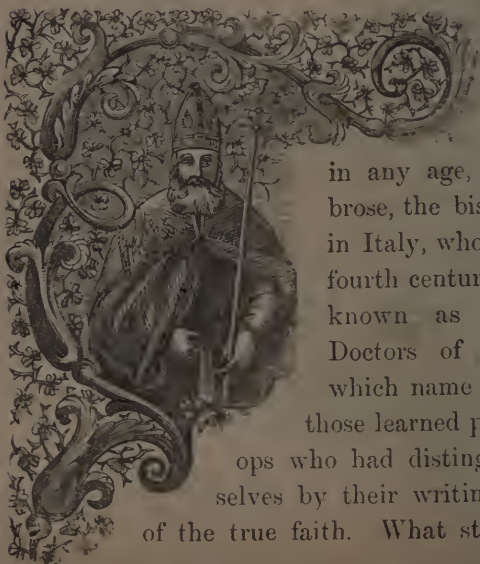
And now enjoys, with sister saints, an endless
New Year's Day!



LESSON XLIX.

THE GREAT BISHOP AMBROSE.

| | |
|--|---|
| DIS-TIN'GUISH-ED, made oneself famous. | HU-MIL'I-TY, low opinion of oneself. |
| HER'E-TIC, a person separated from the Church. | EM'PER-OR, chief ruler. |
| SUC'CESS-OR, one who comes after. | LIEU-TEN'ANT, one holding office under another. |
| SECT, a religious party. | UN-WORTH'I-NESS, not being fit. |
| TU'MULT, rest, breaking of the peace. | CAN'ON, law of the Church. |
| AS-SEM'BLY, meeting, number of people. | PEN'ANCE, satisfying for sins. |
| | GUILT'Y, wicked. |



ONE of the greatest Bishops of the Church, in any age, was St. Ambrose, the bishop of Milan, in Italy, who lived in the fourth century. He is still known as one of the Doctors of the Church, which name was given to those learned priests or bishops who had distinguished themselves by their writings in defence of the true faith. What strikes us most

in the life of St. Ambrose, is that he became bishop almost against his will, for he was so humble that he did not think himself worthy of that great dignity.

2. He was the governor of the city of Milan, and the country around, at the time that the former bishop died. This bishop had been the cause of a great deal of trouble, for he was a heretic, and far from being chosen to the See of Milan, had seized on it by force, and held it for no less than twenty years. Now, when he was dead, of course, there was great excitement about choosing his successor. His own party, who were called Arians, wanted a bishop of their own sect; but the Catholics would have none but a good Catholic.

3. The people of the city held a meeting in one of the churches for the purpose of deciding on the new bishop, and Ambrose, fearing lest trouble might arise there, went to the church himself, and addressed the excited people in mild terms, advising them to make their choice in peace and without tumult. It was while he was speaking that a very singular thing happened. Suddenly, a child cried out, "Ambrose bishop!" The whole assembly took these words of an innocent babe as the word of God, and both Catholics and Arians joined in proclaiming him Bishop of Milan.

4. But this choice, which he had by no means expected, alarmed the humility of the good Ambrose, and he made use of all sorts of devices in order to escape from the honor about to be bestowed upon him. He sat upon the bench of justice, and in order to seem cruel and unworthy of the priesthood, he

caused several prisoners to be brought before him and put to the torture. But the people saw that this was only done on purpose to escape their wishes, and continued still in their design. He then stole out of the city by night, thinking that he could make his escape to Pavia, a place at some distance.

5. But it was the will of God that he should become Bishop of Milan. He lost his way, and, after wandering up and down all night, found himself in the morning at the gates of Milan. His attempted flight being known, a guard was set upon him, and the people wrote to the emperor, to get his consent to their choice of Ambrose: the latter also wrote, asking to be excused on account of his office. But the emperor was pleased with the people's choice, and sent word to his lieutenant to see that Ambrose did not escape.

6. Even yet so great was his sense of his unworthiness, that he made another attempt to escape, and hid himself in the house of a friend, who, through the best of motives, made known to the people where he was. So at last he was obliged to yield, though he declared that not being yet a Christian, he could not be made a priest. But he was answered that the Church, on very special occasions, can dispense with such canons. Accordingly, Ambrose was baptized, and, after duly preparing, was made bishop—being then only about thirty-four years of age. No sooner was he seated in the chair, than he gave to the Church and the poor all his riches. He led such a holy life that, after his death, he was declared a saint.

7. In order to show the regard which this great

bishop had for duty, which he always performed, no matter who or what opposed, we will relate a story which history tells of him. The Emperor of Rome, at that time, was a great and good man, but, unhappily, of a violent temper. On one occasion, the people of one of his cities stoned their governor to death, at which the emperor was so enraged that he sent a large body of soldiers into that guilty city, with orders to slay the inhabitants during three hours. So fiercely did the soldiers obey this order that, in that time, as many as seven thousand persons were put to death.

8. No sooner had St. Ambrose heard of this awful crime, than he boldly declared to the emperor, that he could not allow him to enter the Church, nor to partake of the Sacraments, until he had done public penance for the immense loss of life his hasty temper had caused. It was the custom in those days to admit no one into the Church who had committed any great sins, and though the offender was in this case the mighty ruler of the empire, the good bishop dared to do his duty, and for eight months this guilty emperor was obliged to remain outside the Church. In this example we have a double cause to admire,—the Christian courage of the bishop, and the humility of the penitent.

St. Ambrose of Milan was not only a great archbishop, but a great doctor of the Church—that is, he wrote much in defence of Catholic doctrine against the heretics of his time.

LESSON L.

THE REWARD OF CHARITY.

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|--|--|
| MES'SEN-GER, one who carries news. | COURT'E-OUS-LY, politely, civilly. |
| MIN'IS-TER, one who serves. | OR-DAIN'ED, made a priest. |
| REL'A-TIVE, one connected with another by blood. | IM-POS'ING, cheating, deceiving. |
| ED-U-CA'TION, schooling, process of learning. | COM-PAN'ION, one who goes with another. |
| PER-FORM'ED, discharged. | VI-AT'I-CUM, communion given to the dying. |
| AS-SIST'ANT, a helper. | |

IT was a stormy night in December, many years ago. The wind howled furiously, and the snow fell thick and fast, covering, with its white cloak, hill and valley. No one felt the bitterness of the night more keenly than the poor fellow who was trying to make his way against the pitiless storm. He was a young lad, poorly clothed, and on his shoulders he had a case containing some books. He was one of those "poor scholars" who, in Ireland, when they wished to go to college to get their education, used to live on the journey by the charity of the people, who always gave them a hearty welcome.

2. This poor fellow had walked far that day, in the hope that he might be able to reach the next town by night-time; but he could not. His strength had nearly given out; he felt ill and weary, and would fain lie down on the cold, snow-clad ground. He

struggled on a little farther, he looked up imploringly to Heaven, he felt his blood growing cold within his veins, his legs refused to carry him any farther, he tottered and fell; no human eye saw, no human ear heard his piteous cry. But One saw him, without whose will a hair of his head could not be injured. The snow soon covered up the poor, way-worn scholar.

.3. About the time when the poor lad fell, the parish-priest was called to visit a sick person. A man had been suddenly taken ill, and, as he was not expected to live, a messenger was dispatched for Father O'Neill. The night was wild, indeed, but the good priest did not wait to see if the storm would abate. He got out of bed, dressed hastily, and set out on his weary journey. He was a man of about thirty, tall and straight; and he strode along as if he did not, in the least, mind the fearful storm raging around him. Of a sudden, he stops and looks down, for he has struck something with his foot.

4. He would have kept on his way, but that a faint moan strikes on his ear. "God of Heaven!" cried the priest, "what is this? Can it be a man buried in the snow?" He scraped away the snow, and there lay the poor scholar, who had lain down to die, but whom the good Jesus had sent his minister to save. The priest took the boy home with him, put him into his own bed, and applied all the remedies he knew of. He succeeded at last in restoring the poor youth, but next morning he was in a violent fever.

5. For three long weeks he lay there, and during that time, how often did he not bless the good priest

who tended him so kindly, who supplied all his wants, and soothed his restless nights by singing beautiful songs, or telling him the wild tales of their fatherland. At length, he began slowly to get better ; and, as he grew stronger, he told the priest that he was an orphan, alone and friendless, and he was now going to a distant relative, in Dublin, to try to pick up an education. Father O'Neill would gladly have had him remain much longer, but could not prevail on him to stay. As soon as he was well again, he set out, with many thanks for all that the good priest had done for him.

6. The time went slowly by at first, but then it began to pass more rapidly, until thirty years had rolled on since the night when Father O'Neill found the poor scholar in the snow. Not very lightly had time used the good priest, for his head was white, and the once manly form was bent now, with the cares of many a year. His once springing step had lost its vigor now, and he could no longer do the work he had so long and well performed. He began to feel that he wanted a younger priest, who should take his place by his side, and help him in the discharge of those duties, which were becoming too many for him. But the priests were few enough in those days, and it was hard for his bishop to send him an assistant.

7. One evening he had been called away on a sick-call, and, on coming home, was told that a gentleman was waiting to see him. Entering the humble parlor of his little home, he was somewhat surprised to see rising to greet him, a tall, fine-looking man, in the

prime of life, with something of a priestly look about him; who, in answer to his inquiries, informed him that, merely passing through the town, on his way to a place farther south, he wished to see Father O'Neill, of whom, he said, he had often heard a friend, in America, speak.

8. The old priest courteously bade him be seated, and, remarking that the stranger had mentioned America, asked him if he had been there, lately. This led to a pleasant chat, in the course of which it came out that the visitor had spent a good part of his life beyond the seas, and had just come back to Ireland to see, once more, the home of his childhood. For, said he with a smile, "I was born on Irish soil, and ordained, too, in Ireland!"

9. "Ordained?" said Father O'Neill; "so you are a priest. I had thought as much from your appearance. Why did you not tell me so before?" "That," said the stranger, "is explained by my fearing lest you might not take me for one, from my present garb, and think that, perhaps, I was imposing upon you. But, to set the matter entirely at rest, here are my letters from my Bishop in America."

Father O'Neill assured him that there was no need to show them, and, repeating his welcome to the priest, from across the ocean, begged that he would pass the night under his roof.

10. In cheerful talk the evening was spent, and when Father O'Neill bade his guest good-night, he thought he had not, in a long time, met so pleasant a companion. Next morning, although he had spoken of being in great haste, the strange priest did not go

away, nor all that day either; and the end of it all was, that, after a couple of visits to the residence of the Bishop, in the neighboring town, he quietly settled down as Father O'Neill's assistant.

11. Never, for a moment, had the good old man cause to regret the day when the stranger came to him. Not only did he take a great part of Father O'Neill's hardest duties off his shoulders, but he attended to all his wants; and, when the old man grew so feeble that he could do scarcely any thing for himself, he was like a loving child, softening his path in all things, and cheering his old age.

12. Slowly the old priest drooped, nearing, with every day, the end to which a life well-spent made him look without fear. All through the autumn he grew worse, and, by the time that winter had set in, it was evident that soon the loving hands of the strange priest would be relieved from their office. It was on a night, in December, exactly like that on which, more than thirty years ago, the poor scholar had so nearly perished but for him, that the good priest lay dying.

13. The face, once so mild and pleasant with its warm smile, was now pinched and deathlike. At one side of the room stood the table, with its white cloth and candles, on which had rested the Holy Viaticum, which the dying priest had just received. The fire-light gleamed on his sunken features, and rested on the bowed head of his assistant, who sat in silence on the foot of the bed. Without, the wind howled and shook the old house from top to bottom; and the snow fell thick and steadily.

14. At length, as if the thought suddenly struck

him, the dying priest raised his head feebly and calling to the other, bade him stoop near him. The young priest did so, and the old man making a great effort, said to him, "Tell me, are not you the poor scholar, whom thirty years ago this night, I saved from a bitter death?" "I am," answered the stranger, his voice broken with emotion, "I am the poor lad, whom your charity on that night saved, that in your dying hour, I might thus minister to you the last rites of our Holy Church."

15. Hardly had he finished these words, when with a gasp, and breathing the holy names of Jesus and Mary, the old priest breathed his last. Such are the ways of Him whose wisdom does all things well. Thus had the charity of the priest met with a rich reward.

LESSON LI.

THE GOOD OLD PLOUGH.

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|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
| FRAY, battle, fight. | STUB'BORN, hard, unyield- |
| GLIT'TER - ING, shining, | ing. |
| sparkling. | CHAP'LET, a wreath, gar- |
| RUS'TIC, a countryman. | land. |
| WAR'FARE, struggle, con- | LAUR'EL, an evergreen, |
| test. | used of old to crown |
| CON'QUER-ED, won, gained. | victors. |

1. **L**ET them sing who may of the battle fray,
 And the deeds that have long since passed;
 Let them chant in praise of the tar whose days
 Are spent on the ocean vast.

I would render to these all the worship you please
I would honor them even now;
But I'd give far more, from my heart's full store,
To the cause of the good old plough.



2. Let them laud the notes that in the music float,
Through the bright and glittering halls;
While the graceful twirl of the hair's bright curl
Round the shoulder of beauty falls.
But dearer to me is the song from the tree,
And the rich and the blossoming bough:
Oh! these are the sweets which the rustic greets
As he follows the good old plough.
3. Full many there be, that daily we see,
With a selfish and hollow pride,
Who the ploughman's lot, in his humble cot,
With a scornful look deride:
But I'd rather take a hearty shake
From his hand, than to wealth I'd bow;
For the honest clasp of his hand's rough grasp
Has stood by the good old plough.

4. All honor be, then, to those gray old men
 When at last they are bowed with toil;
 Their warfare o'er, they battle no more,
 For they've conquered the stillborn soil.
 And the chaplet each wears is his silver hairs,
 And ne'er shall the victor's brow
 With a laurel crown to the grave go down,
 Like the sons of the good old plough.
-

LESSON LII.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

| | |
|--|----------------------------|
| JOUR'NEY, a going from one place to another. | AD-VANCE', to go on. |
| DREA'RY, very dull, cheerless. | GRASP, to take hold of. |
| GLIS'TEN, to shine faintly. | MOO'DY, dark, sullen. |
| GUIDE, to lead, to direct. | A-BRUPT', sharp, short. |
| | TER'RI-BLE, very dreadful. |
| | VEN'GEANCE, revenge. |

LIFE is a journey, man a traveller. Some find a pleasant road, others a dreary one; while, to most men, the journey is neither cheerful nor sad, at times the sun shines out brightly, the breezes freshen, the dews glisten, and the whole world spreads before us, a banquet of beauty. Anon, dark clouds cover the earth like a pall; cold, wet winds creep over us; and the sorrow of death seems to fill the land. Again 'tis hard matter to tell whether cloud or sun rules the hour.

2. Such is the day; what of the people? In our

childhood scarce any attend to us but the most familiar friends, fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, and happy we, if even they are with us. Many a one begins this journey, stepping from the cradle with not a soul to guide him. Soon, however, new faces are seen. Neighbors drop in. The world widens as we advance. Strangers become our playmates on the way. Stranger hands grasp ours, stranger eyes peer into our faces, and stranger voices whisper in our ears.

3. Some look kindly upon us; the gentle soul wells up in the mild eye, and we believe them good. Others seem dark and moody; the abrupt voice, flashing eye, and swift hand, seek terrible vengeance for a trifling wrong. And yet an act, a word, nay, even a glance, will sometimes disarm their fiercest anger. Who are wholly good? Who are altogether wicked? How shall we judge these people? Can we pass along our journey, without harm to ourselves, doing some good to those we meet on our way?

4. My young friends, we are all travelling this journey of life—which of us is too well prepared? Is there any one who has nothing to learn, so as to make the road a safe one for himself? Many of those who travel with us are certainly dangerous persons. Robbers lie in wait for us all along the route, ready to take our most valuable treasures. Thieves and pick-pockets chat pleasantly with us, and wait a chance to steal the jewels most precious to our souls.

5. Liars are there to take away our good name; and criminals of every grade stand waiting to trap us, each with his own particular wickedness. It would

be a hard matter to guard ourselves against so much wrong, if we knew our enemies by sight; how much more so, when it is scarcely possible to tell the good from the bad! Two remedies are left us to protect ourselves, and to aid the good against the wicked.

6. We must first see that our own soul and body are pure; that we may not be touched by the sin around us, and become wicked ourselves. We must guard every point, by wisdom and virtue, that no enemy may find a weak spot for attack. Then, when we ourselves have become secure, we must turn to help our fellows. And, after all, one of the best means of protecting ourselves is to help our neighbor. He will help us in turn; and thus we shall be doubly strong in time of danger.

7. If we only reflect from time to time that we are all travelling on the same road—the road that leads to eternity—it will make us kinder, more considerate of the feelings of our fellow-travellers on the journey of life. We can do much to make the road pleasanter for each other, by bearing with each other's peculiar ways, and being always cheerful and affable to all.

8. You will easily understand this if you think how unpleasant it is to be in the company of a cross, ill-tempered person, whether a child or a grown-up man or woman. A sour face and black looks in one person will throw a gloom over a whole company. If, then, you want your journey of life to be pleasant and agreeable, keep always a smiling face, and a sweet temper.

LESSON LIII.

SAINT PATRICK.

| | |
|--|---|
| OC-CUR'RED, took place. | MAR'VEL-OUS, uncommon, surprising. |
| EU'ROPE, one of the principal quarters of the globe. | PRE-PAR-A'TION, getting ready. |
| WAR'RI-ORS, men devoted to war. | PA'GAN, one who adores false gods. |
| FAITH'FUL-LY, carefully, exactly. | SHEP'HERD, one who tends, or watches sheep. |
| WON'DERS, strange, surprising things. | A-POS'TLE, one who spreads the true faith. |

I WILL tell you a story that I think you will like. It occurred many years ago, in old Europe, long, long before America was known to the rest of the world. It is about a boy who lived in France a very, very long time ago. His parents were rich and noble, and they loved him dearly.

2. One day, when he and his companions were playing by the sea-shore, they were carried off by some warrior men from Ireland, and were taken as slaves to that country. Such was the custom of those times. The captive youths were sold to different masters, and our youth fell into the hands of a very cruel one, who sent him to herd his flocks grazing on the mountains.

3. Now this was hard life for one who had been so carefully brought up, and had lived so happily in

his own fair land. Nevertheless, he did not repine; he hoped in God, and, knowing that the best way to please Him was to obey his master, even though he was a harsh one, and to do faithfully the work that was given him to do, he did it cheerfully



†. At first he shed many a tear for the home and friends so far away. Soon, however, he began to take pleasure in looking at the works of God—the sky and the clouds, the mountains and the trees, the birds

that sang so sweetly in that country, and even the many-colored butterflies that flitted by on the summer air, and he thought how great and mighty must be the God who made the earth and the heavens, with all their wonders, and who gave to man the privilege of knowing Him, and the power to love and serve Him.

5. He had spent full seven years in this hard and toilsome life; he had suffered much from cold and hunger, never murmuring, but bearing all things cheerfully for God's sake, when one night an angel came to him as he slept, and told him he should soon see his dear native land again—that a ship was ready to take him home. Full of joy, he set out next morning for the sea-coast, and arriving there, he saw a ship lying at anchor, bound for France.

6. He humbly besought the crew to give him a passage, but they refused. Then the young man only said, "God's will be done!" and turned away with a heavy heart. He had travelled only a few miles, when he was overtaken by a messenger, praying him to return and go on board, for that his God had sent a terrible storm, which had driven the ship back to the coast as often as she attempted to put to sea, and the crew began to think that it was because of their refusing him a passage.

7. Meekly blessing God for this marvelous favor, he returned with the messenger, went on board, and the vessel set sail with a fair wind for France. On reaching his native shore, the youth's first action was to kneel on the sandy beach, and offer his thanks to the Almighty ruler of sea and land.

He remained at home only a short time, when again he was warned in a dream of God's will concerning him. He saw in a vision the children of the Irish race holding out their hands to him, and beseeching him to go back amongst them.

8. Being only anxious to do the will of God, he went to an uncle of his, Germanus, who was a bishop and a great saint, and, by his advice and instruction, he prepared for the holy ministry. After several years of preparation, he set out on foot for Rome, where Celestine, another great saint, was then Pope.

9. By him our former captive was made a bishop, and sent, with a few companions, to preach the gospel in the pagan land where he had been a shepherd boy. In a little time he had converted the whole country, and nearly all the princes and great people, to the Christian faith. He made priests and bishops, and built churches all over that beautiful country.

That captive boy was PATRICK, the Apostle of Ireland, who is honored by the Church of God as one of the greatest of her saints.

Praise to his name, the ransom'd slave who broke
All other chains, and set the bondsman free!
Praise to his name, the Husbandman who sowed
The good seed over all that fertile isle!
Praise to the Herdsman, who, into the fold
Of the One Shepherd, lead our Father's flock,
Whose voice still calls us, wheresoe'er we hide.

LESSON LIV.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

| | |
|---|---|
| IN'TER-VALS, spaces, distances. | CULTI-VAT-ED, that has been worked, or cared for. |
| MA-TER'I-ALS, that out of which anything is made. | MIL'LION, a thousand times a thousand. |
| DE-SPAIR', want of hope. | DOM-IN'IONS, country, kingdom. |
| COM-POS'ED, built of. | IN'DUS-TRY, attention to work. |
| PLANES, level spaces. | |
| IN-TER-FER'ING, hindering, being in the way. | |

IN the eastern part of Asia lies the ancient empire of China, a country which is of great extent. Its people, in old times, were very much annoyed by the savages, who dwelt in the neighboring country, and, in order to protect themselves, they built a great wall, to shut themselves in from their dangerous neighbors. This wall, for about six hundred miles of its length, is made of stone and brick, with strong, square towers at intervals; the remaining part consists chiefly of earth. At some points in the latter part of its course, it is almost entirely broken down.

2. The Wall is carried over the tops of hills so high, and so difficult to reach, that it is not easy to understand how the materials were conveyed there, or how the Chinese could build forts in spots where Europeans would have given up the attempt in despair.

2. In its strongest part the Wall of China is composed of two walls a foot and a half thick and many feet apart, the space between the two being filled up with earth. In height it is about twenty feet, sometimes a good deal more, and sometimes less; there are steps and inclined planes leading to the top, where six horsemen can ride side by side without interfering with each other's motions. The height of the towers is generally about forty feet.

4. The difference between the country within the wall, and outside, is, in some places, most striking. On one side is a cultivated plain, swarming with inhabitants; on the other, a savage desert, abounding with wild beasts, and seemingly never trodden by the foot of man. The Wall itself offers a very grand sight, striding over lofty mountains and crossing one vast plain after another. It is now more than two thousand years old, having been completed two hundred years before the time of Christ.

5. Many millions of men were needed to construct it, and to obtain them the Emperor of China is said to have forced three out of every ten throughout his dominions to serve. Some curious people have tried to reduce to figures the greatness of this wonderful work; they tell us that all the houses in Great Britain would not serve to build the Wall, without counting the immense towers, which alone contain as much brick and stone as the entire City of London.

6. It is said that the mass of matter, including the earthy part in this Wall, is enough to surround the globe in its widest portion with two walls, each six feet high and two thick. From this great work we

can form an idea of what must have been the industry of the Chinese. It ranks as one of the wonders of the world.

LESSON LV.

ONE BY ONE.

| | |
|---|---|
| DUTIES, things that people ought to do. | LIN'GER, to tarry. |
| E-LATE', to excite. | DE-SPOND', to despair, to give up hope. |
| LU'MI-NOUS, very bright. | TOIL, labor, work. |
| GEM, a precious stone, a jewel. | PIL'GRIM-AGE, a long, weary journey. |

1. **O**NE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going—
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee—
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

2. One by one (bright gifts from Heaven),
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one the griefs shall meet thee—
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee;
Shadows passing through the land.

3. Do not look at life's long sorrow ;
 See how small each moment's pain ;
 God will help thee for to-morrow,
 So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
 Has its task to do or bear ;
 Luminous the crown, and holy,
 When each gem is set with care.

4. Do not linger with regretting,
 Or for passing hours despond
 Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
 Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
 Reaching heaven ; but one by one
 Take them, lest the chain be broken
 Ere the pilgrimage be done.

LESSON LVI.

THE FIRST QUARREL.

| | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| MEAD'OWS, large fields. | CRUTCH'ES, long staffs, with |
| PLAY'MATES, others to play | crooks on them. |
| with. | IR'RI-TA-BLE, cross, snap- |
| FAINT, stoppage of life for | pish. |
| a time. | NET'TLED, made angry. |

A WORTHY farmer, of the name of Brown, had two children, a boy of about twelve years, and a girl some two years younger. The brother and

sister were very much attached to each other, and in the long summer afternoons, when school was over, nothing pleased them so much as to wander off together in the meadows, on their father's farm, or into the cool depths of the neighbouring forest. When they were together, Charles and Anna never seemed to regret that they had no other playmates of their own age.



2. But a time came when the love of the good sister for her brother was to be put to a very severe test. One day Anna had gone to visit an aunt, who had often invited her to go and pass a day with her. Charles could not go with Anna, as his father & ~~wied~~

him at home to do something for him. The little girl enjoyed herself very much at Aunt Sarah's, and felt really sorry when she had to say good-by, and get into the wagon, in which one of her aunt's farmhands was to drive her home.

3. When she got near her father's house, she wondered why she could see no one about the place, and was still more surprised, on coming up to the door, to find no Charlie, with his usual glad welcome, running out to meet her. She hastened into the house, and was about rushing up the stairs, when her father, coming out from a room above, called out to know if that was she. When she answered, he told her to wait down stairs, one moment and he would be down. He said he had something to say to her.

4. When he came down, Anna wondered why he was so pale. "Where's Mother, and Charlie?" was her first question.

"My dear child," said her father, in a pained sort of voice, "I've got to tell you something that you must try to bear well. Don't go off into a faint, don't even scream. Your brother's been badly hurt!" Poor Anna's face grew pale as her father's, but she bravely kept herself from screaming. All she said was, "Where is he?" and when her father answered, "up-stairs," she waited for no more, but darted away, and never stopped till she was kneeling by the bed where lay her brother, with his still, white face, that looked as if he was dead.

5. Charlie had, indeed, been badly hurt. He had gone out, after doing the task set him by his father that morning, into the woods for a ramble. He had

not gone far, though, till seeing a bird's nest in a high branch of an old tree, he had climbed up, and, the limbs being rotten, one of them gave way under his weight. He was thrown to the ground, a great distance, and so much hurt that he could not move. There he lay, until his father, growing alarmed at his long absence, came in search of him, and carried him home. The doctor found that his left leg had been broken, so badly that it would have to be cut off below the knee.

6. So, poor Charlie lost his leg, and, when he got well enough to be up again, he had to limp around on crutches. It was a great change for a boy who had been so active and lively; but if there was any thing which made him bear it with patience, it was the tender love of his little sister. Anna would give up any pleasure to go with Charlie, whenever he wished to make his way out to the garden, or any of his favorite haunts. He could, of course, go but a short way at a time, for he grew tired very soon. Anna was always ready to take his arm, or to prepare a pleasant seat for him in some nice place; and when he wished, she would sing to him, or read a story for him.

7. With all her goodness to her lame brother though, Anna had a pretty bad temper, which it was not hard to excite; and Charles, ever since the loss of his leg, had grown fretful, and sometimes used to be rather cross. Thus it happened that, one day the good-will which had so long existed between him and his sister was very near giving place to very bitter feelings. For a long time Anna had kept her

temper in check, even when Charles was most irritable, but, on this day, it was put to too severe a trial.

8. Her aunt had given her, the day before, a beautiful little watch and chain, as a present. Now, when Charles had got seated on a rustic bench, out in the garden, he suddenly took a notion that he would like to look at the new watch. Anna gave it to him, but, as she prized it very much, told him to be very careful how he handled it. This nettled the proud little fellow, and he asked her if he didn't know as much about handling it as she did. She said, if he spoke like that, he should have to give it back to her. But, instead of minding what she was saying, he went on fingering it, and, at last, began to take it apart.

9. Getting angry at his paying so little heed to her warning, Anna told him he must give it back. He said he would not. She said he would have to give it up, or she would make him. He began to laugh at her threat, at which she grew so enraged, that she made a snap at the watch, and, in leaning over him too far, knocked his crutches away from him. Charles, angry that she should have thus taken the watch from him, started up to run after her, when he thought of his lame leg, and felt so helpless that he began to cry bitterly.

10. Anna had been very angry, but the sight of her poor brother's tears so softened her heart, that she stooped, picked up his crutches, and asked him to forgive her, promising never to let her temper so run away with her again. Charlie's good heart was touched at this, and he agreed to forget their little quarrel. This was a good lesson to Anna, for ever

after that, she was as kind as ever to her lame brother. It turned out to be their last quarrel, as it was the first they had ever had. Anna regretted that quarrel all her life.

LESSON LVII.

READY FOR DUTY.

| | | |
|----------------------|---|------------------------|
| DAF'FY-DOWN-DIL'LY, | a | MOULD, earth. |
| flower that blossoms | | SUR'FACE, top. |
| early in spring. | | CLUS'TER-ED, gathered. |

- D**AFFY-DOWN-DILLY came up in the cold,
 Through the brown mould,
 Although the March breezes blew keen on her face.
 Although the white snow lay on many a place.
 Daffy-down-dilly had heard under-ground
 The sweet, rushing sound
 Of the streams, as they burst off their white win-
 ter chains—
 Of the whistling spring winds and the pattering
 rains.
- "Now, then," thought Daffy, deep down in her
 heart,
 "It's time I should start!"
 So she pushed her soft leaves through the hard,
 frozen ground,
 Quite up to the surface, and then she looked
 round.

There was snow all about her—gray clouds over-
head—

The trees all looked dead:

Then how do you think Daffy-down-dilly felt,
When the sun would not shine, and the ice would
not melt?

3. "Cold weather!" thought Daffy, still working
away—

"The earth's hard to-day!

There's but half an inch of my leaves to be seen,
And two-thirds of that is more yellow than green ;
I can't do much yet—but I'll do what I can—

It's well I began !

For unless I can manage to lift up my head,
The people will think that the Spring herself's
dead."

4. So, little by little, she brought her leaves out,
And clustered about;

And then her bright flowers began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed in her spring green and gold.
Oh, Daffy-down-dilly ! so brave and so true !

I wish all were like you !

So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
And holding forth courage and beauty together.



LESSON LVIII.

A STORY ABOUT KING SOLOMON.

RE-LA'TED, told.

TEM'PLE, a church.

MA-TE'RI-AL, that of which
any thing is made.

DIS-PLAY'ED, showed.

PAL'ACE, the house in
which a king lives.AR-TI-FI'CIAL, made by art,
not natural.

DE-TECT', to find out.

KING SOLOMON, you know, was the wisest of men. The history of this great king is beautifully related in the Holy Bible. When God gave him the choice of all good things, he chose "Wisdom." God was so pleased with this choice, that he added many other blessings.

2. It was King Solomon who built, for the glory of God, the grand temple, that was, for a long time, the wonder of the world. This temple was built of the most costly and beautiful materials; for Solomon rightly thought, that a temple in which God was to be worshipped, should be just as grand, rich, and beautiful as possible.

3. You have, no doubt, heard of the wisdom King Solomon displayed when two women claimed to be the mother of one child. You remember that he ordered the child to be cut in two, and one-half given to each of the women. The *pretended* mother consented to this, but the *true* mother begged that the child should not be divided; she would rather let the wicked

woman have it, than see her own dear child killed before her eyes. This tenderness proved to Solomon that *she* was the true mother, and, to her great joy, he gave her the child. This beautiful story is told in the Bible.

4. But I will tell you a little story about King Solomon that is not mentioned in the Bible. Perhaps it never happened at all; but, as it is pleasing, and teaches us to think well, before we decide any questions, I will relate it.

5. One of the ladies who lived in the palace of King Solomon thought she would try to puzzle that wise king. She was very skilful at imitating flowers. She made a rose so exactly like a natural one, that when placed side by side, no one could tell by looking at them which *was* the artificial rose, and which the natural one.

6. She then placed these two roses before the king but not near enough for him to tell by the touch or smell which was the real rose. She then asked him to decide the question. How would you have found out the difference? Well, King Solomon was wiser than you are; therefore he soon thought of a way to detect which was the true rose.

7. He ordered one of his servants to bring several bees into the room in which the two roses were placed. This was done—and pretty soon the bees commenced to settle on the real rose; and thus the king settled the question without either touching or smelling the roses.

LESSON LIX.

PRIDE.

MIEN, manner.

LURK'ING, hiding.

| SUB-MIS'SIVE-LY, without
| contention or sulkiness.

PRIDE, ugly Pride, is sometimes seen
 By haughty look and lofty mien,
 But oftener it is found that Pride
 Loves deep within the heart to hide;
 And while the looks are mild and fair,
 It sits and does its mischief there:
 Now, if you really wish to find
 If Pride is lurking in your mind,
 Inquire if you can bear a slight,
 Or patiently give up your right.
 Can you submissively consent
 To take reproof or punishment,
 And feel no angry temper start
 In any corner of your heart?
 Can you, in business or in play,
 Give up your wishes or your way,
 And do a thing against your will,
 For somebody that's younger still?
 Flat contradiction can you bear,
 When you are right, and know you are?
 Not flatly contradict again—
 But wait, and modestly explain,
 And tell your reasons, one by one,
 Nor think of triumph when you're done?

Put all these questions to your heart,
 And make it act an honest part:—
 And, when they've all been fairly tried,
 I think you'll own that you have Pride.

LESSON LX.

THE DEATH OF SIMON MAGUS.

| | |
|---|---|
| HUR'RY-ING, walking very fast. | CON'VERT, one newly brought over to the true faith. |
| GILD'ED, covered with gold. | IM'PI-OUS, setting God at defiance. |
| MA-GI'CIAN, a man who works in magic. | ES-TEEM'ED, valued. |
| EM'PE-ROR, a great ruler, higher than a king. | SE-DUC'ED, led into error. |
| PLAT'FORM, a high place erected so as to be seen far. | COM-PLETE', to finish. |
| | TEM'PLES, places of worship. |
| | NA'TURE, the whole earth. |

[T was early morning, nigh two thousand years ago, and crowds of people, men, women, and children, were hurrying through the streets of Rome, for a great wonder was to be seen that day, when the rising sun had touched, with its warm, rosy rays, the gilded roof of the emperor's palace, for there was an emperor in Rome in those old, old times. A man was to ascend to heaven; a man whom all the world had heard of, a man who was feared by some, ad-

mired by others—Simon Magus, the magician, who called himself “the great power of God.”

2. It was early morning, but the streets were crowded with people of all ranks, and of all ages, rich and poor, old and young. The emperor had been one of the first to repair to the building, which had been erected in the square, close by the platform from which the magician was to ascend.

At some distance from the dense crowd was a small party of men, who looked as different as possible from all the rest of the people.

3. Amongst them were two of still more striking appearance, who were treated by the others with the greatest respect. And so they had a right to be, for one of them was Peter, Prince of the Apostles, and Head of the Church; the other was Paul, the convert, the great preacher. This small knot of men were a party of the Roman Christians, who had come to pray that the spells of the magician might be defeated, and Simon Magus might not succeed in his bold and impious attempt to ascend into the skies.

4. Simon Magus had done much harm to the infant Church, and was, for that reason, much esteemed by the pagans. He had seduced many from the right path, and had deceived thousands by means of the wonderful things the devil helped him to do. He was now about to complete his impious career by ascending out of sight of his followers; and so, deceiving to the last on earth, go to join his friends, the evil spirits, in the realm of darkness, which he knew awaited him, because he had left the true religion, and given up God’s service for that of the Evil One

5. It was the hour, and he ascended the platform. The sun was up, touching, with his rosy rays, the gilded palace roofs, the statues, and the temples, the gardens, and the sparkling fountains, waking to life and melody the singing birds of the woods; and the flowers opened their cups to his beams, and all nature looked glad and fresh. Simon Magus ascends the platform; all is silent as the grave when his tall form appears before the people.

6 The little knot of Christians in the distance kneel down to pray. But he rises into the air—up, up, up—higher, higher, until his form is almost lost to the strained eyes of the breathless throng!

“Father,” prayed Peter, “strengthen thy children’s faith, that they be not deceived by the spells of this man.”

A wild yell bursts from the crowd, and a strange stir is amongst them—the magician is falling!

7. Writhing in the air, and screaming, but falling with fearful speed;—another instant, and he is dashed upon the ground at the feet of Nero, the Emperor!

They carried him to his house, cursing God, and striking the very pagans with horror by his wicked words. In the evening, although both his legs were broken by the fall, he contrived to crawl to a high window and threw himself into the street. And, thus died Simon Magus, the great magician.



LESSON LXI.

THE OLD CASTLE.



WRECK'ED, broken, spoiled.
ed.

TRIB'UTE, something paid.

TY'RANT, a hard, cruel
man.

STATE'LY, grand, proud-
looking.

WEIRD, strange, queer.

E-TER'NAL, living for ever.

WAIL'ING, crying mourn-
fully.

RAP'TU-ROUS, very glad
joyful.

1. **T**HERE is an old castle hangs over the sea,
'Tis living through ages, all wrecked though
it be;
There's a soul in the ruin that never shall die,
And the ivy clings round it as fondly as I.
2. Oh! proud as the waves of that river pass on
Their tribute they bear to that castle so lone,
And the sun lights its gay head with beams from
the sky,
For he loves the dear ruins as fondly as I.
3. Right grand is the freedom that dwells on the spot,
For the hand of the stranger can fetter it not.

- The strength of that castle its day-spring has told,
But the soul of the ruin looks out, as of old;
4. And the river—the river no tyrant could tame—
Sweeps boldly along without terror or shame;
Yet she bends by that castle, so stately and high,
And sings her own love-song as gladly as I.
5. How weird, on those waters, the shadows must
seem,
When the moonlight falls o'er them, as still as a
dream;
And the star-beams awake, at the close of the day,
To gaze on a river eternal as they!
6. How the ghosts of dead ages must glide through
the gloom,
And the forms of the mighty arise from the tomb,
And the dream of the past through the wailing
winds moan.
For they twine round the ruin as if 'twere their
own.
7. There is an old castle hangs over the sea,
And ages of glory yet, yet shall it see,
And 'twill smile to the river, and smile to the sky,
And smile to the free land when years have gone
by;
8. And children will listen, with rapturous face,
To the names and the legends that hallow the
place,
When some minstrel of Erin, in wandering nigh,
Shall sing that dear castle more grandly than I.

LESSON LXII.

A COPPER-MINE.

| | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| MET'ALS, hard bodies found in the earth. | A-VAI'L-A-BLE, that may be used. |
| BRASS, a mixture of copper and zinc. | GULL, a sea-bird. |
| BAR'ROW, a sort of little hand-cart. | GAL'LE-RIES, passages. |
| | MI-NUTE', thin, narrow, small. |

HAVE you ever noticed on the sides of large ships, a bright reddish coating, used to keep the water from getting into the seams of the planks. Well, that is copper, one of the most useful metals known. Besides the above use, it is largely used as money. It is, also, made into utensils of different kinds, such as pots and kettles; also into wire, and applied to many other purposes. Without it, we would not have any of that beautiful material, brass, which is used in so many ways. In view of the great good which results from this metal, we think you will like to go down with us into a copper-mine, to see how it is brought up out of the earth.

2. As you come near the mine, all that you will see on the surface is usually several buildings, more or less rude, containing the engine and steam-pump, and a number of sheds, where the copper-ore is thrown as it is brought up, and picked over by women and girls, who, with a little hammer, knock off the

pieces which are useless, leaving only such as will pay the expense of working it. All that they throw away is put into barrows and taken over to the waste heap, which, in time, becomes so large as to be the first thing you see, as you come near the mine.

3. Another thing you will notice is the mountain-stream, which, instead of running clear and pure, as it did before it reaches the mine, flows on thick and black, or dingy gray, and so charged with the copper, as to be any thing but good for the soil it passes through. There is a curious copper-mine in a part of the south of England, called Cornwall. It is named the Botallack mine. Drawing near it, you see the various buildings and machines, not grouped together on the level ground or hill-side, as is usual, but scattered up and down the steep face of the cliff, on every available ledge of the rock, where there would seem to be only space enough for a gull's nest, the sea breaking and roaring at the bottom.

4. This mine, which is worked to a very great depth, is carried out several hundred yards from the shore, below the bottom of the sea; and, as you walk through its narrow and dark passages, you may hear the low moaning of the ocean, far above your head. When the weather is rough, and the sea runs high, this dim, strange sound is increased into a roar, fierce and awful, beyond anything you have ever heard; and such is the horror of the miners, that, though well-used to the place, they seldom continue working when a storm occurs, but find their way back to the upper air.

5. The galleries of this mine are very damp. The

salt-water, from above, forcing its way through numerous cracks, too minute to be seen, and dripping slowly on the floor. So cool is the air in this mine, that, when you are not used to it, you can remain but a short time down in the mine.

LESSON LXIII.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

| | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| HARD'Y, able to bear hard- | A-LERT', brisk, nimble. |
| ships. | SHOW'ERS, rain-falls. |
| STUR'DY, strong. | VIS'ION-ED, appearing. |

1. BUTTERCUPS and daisies--

Oh, the pretty flowers!
 Coming on the spring-time,
 To tell of sunny hours!
 While the trees are leafless,
 While the trees are bare,
 Buttercups and daisies
 Spring up here and there.

2. Ere the snow-drop peepeth;

Ere the crocus bold;
 Ere the early primrose
 Opes its paly gold--
 Somewhere on a sunny bank
 Buttercups are bright,
 Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
 Peeps the daisy white.

3. Little hardy flowers,
Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health,
By their mother's door—
Purple with the north wind,
Yet alert and bold,
Fearing not, and caring not,
Though they be a-cold!
4. What to them is weather?
What are stormy showers?
Buttercups and daisies
Are these human flowers!
He who gave them hardship,
And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength,
And patient hearts to bear.
5. Welcome, yellow buttercups
Welcome, daisies white!
Ye are in my spirit
Vision'd a delight!
Coming ere the spring-time,
Of sunny hours to tell—
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who doeth all things well.



LESSON LXIV.

OUR LADY OF HELP.

| | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| HA'VEN, a place of safety. | EL'E-MENTS, the winds, the |
| FER'VENT, very earnest, | storm. |
| very pious. | IN-VOK'ED, prayed to. |
| SUS'SEX, a county in Eng- | DIS-CERN'ED, seen, per- |
| land. | ceived. |
| COM-MAND-ED, ordered. | HI'THER-TO, up to that |
| EX-TEN'SIVE, very wide. | time. |
| SUR-VI'VORS, the only per- | DE-SPAIR', want of hope. |
| sons left alive. | DRIFT'ED, floated away. |

MOTHER of God! mother of mercy! be a mother to our Reginald! Star of Ocean, shine on him now, and guide him to a haven of safety and rest!"

Such was the fervent prayer of Gertrude de Tracey, as she stood, with her husband, at the door of their lonely dwelling, which, situate on the Sussex coast, at a short distance from the beach, commanded an extensive seaward view.

2. Their only son, Reginald, was far away on the wide sea, and as they watched the angry waters beat upon the shore, and listened to the mournful voice of the gathering storm, they feared for the peril, and trembled for the safety of their child. In that hour their hearts went up to God in prayer, and to Mary, the Mother and help of Christians. They prayed her to protect their beloved son.

3. On that same day, and in that very hour, the

voice of one in danger, far away on the distant Pacific Ocean, rose wildly above the roaring of the tempest, "Mother of Mercy! Help of Christians! pray for me! Jesus mercy! Mary, help!" he cried, as he clung to the broken mast of the sinking ship, he and one other, the friend and comrade of his youth, the only survivors of the gallant crew. Those who had taken to the boats, unable to contend with the fury of the elements, had perished within sight of the ship. Of those who had remained on board, all but these two had been swept from the deck by the resistless force of the waves.

4. Again a mighty wave poured in upon the deck, and, again the loud cry "Mother of Mercy, help!" rose amid the storm; for the faithful client of Mary, in the horror of that hour, next to his firm hope in the saving mercy of the Most High, relied, with un-failing confidence, on the powerful protection of the Blessed Virgin Mother. "Mother of Mercy!" he cried, in accents of holy hope, "pray for thy servant, Reginald!"

Yes, it was Reginald de Tracey who was thus crying out for help to her whom no one ever invoked in vain, and, at the same hour, in far-off England, his anxious parents were, on his behalf, calling upon the same sweet advocate.

5. The tempest still raged, the thunder rolled, the red lightnings flashed fearfully over the waves. It was an awful moment of terror and dismay. Far as the eye could reach, over the wide waste of waters, no land could be discerned, no sail appeared in sight; but the child of Mary did not despair, and again and

again the cry, "Mother of Mercy, help!" was borne by angels to her starry throne.

6. "Pray as loud as you like, strain your voice to its highest pitch, calling out for help," at length exclaimed his companion, who had hitherto appeared sunk in silent despair; "help for us, I tell you, there is none. A few moments, and we shall be swallowed up. If you had not held me back, I might have got into the boat; but, whilst you were preaching and praying, the boat drifted away, and I saw no more of her, so I may thank you for all the good I have to expect from your prayers.

7. "Hubert! Hubert!" cried Reginald, "speak not thus. Have you forgotten how often we have knelt together before Our Lady's altar, how many favors we have both obtained, in times past, through her assistance?"

"But she helps us not now," was the unkind reply, "now when most we need her help. Has her protection lost its power?"

"Hubert," exclaimed Reginald, "her prayers are all-powerful with that Divine Son of her's, at whose command the tempest ceased and there came a great calm."

8. "But can she save us now, when the next moment may be our last?" "She is the Mother of God;" was Reginald's reply, as he drew from his bosom, and devoutly kissed the Rosary his mother had given him on the day of his first communion.

"Mother of Mercy," said he, "pray for my unhappy friend. What will become of him if he should die with such words upon his lips?"

"Pray on," shouted Hubert, "expect help from Heaven till the foaming waters sweep you from the deck. I will act a braver part, make a bold effort, and trust to my own good strength."

9. Whilst he spoke thus, he withdrew his grasp from the reeling mast, and, it would seem, in the hope of escaping going down with the rapidly sinking vessel, he plunged into the roaring water, intending to try if he could not save himself by swimming.

Reginald raised his eyes to Heaven; "Mother of Mercy, help him," trembled upon his lips, while he clung more firmly himself to the tottering mast.

10. A wild, loud shriek of horror rose, the next moment, from the deep. It was the despairing cry of the wretched Hubert. "A shark! a shark!" he wildly exclaimed, "Mother of Mercy! help! help!"

It was a moment of fear and horror. Reginald tried to speak, but the effort died away in faint murmurs on his lips. He listened to hear the cry repeated, but heard only the howling of the storm.

A chilliness came over him, his eyes grew dim, his soul was filled with fear for Hubert's terrible fate.

11. He thought of his own dreadful danger, of his fond father, of his tender mother, of his happy home, and his heart sank within him. But he thought also of his Heavenly Father, of the sweet Mother of Mercy, and of the true home above, and a beam of hope and holy joy passed through his soul. But his strength was exhausted, his hands were benumbed, he was no longer able to grasp the mast; he crossed his arms in humble submission, and murmured, "Lord Jesus, save me, or I perish. Mother of Mercy, pray

for me. Blessed Saint Joseph, and thou, my holy angel ——” His voice failed, and he dropped lifeless, at the foot of the quivering mast.

12. The following morning dawned bright and cloudless. The sea, now smooth as a mirror, glistened in the rays of the rising sun, and the light-winged breeze, softly sighing on the perfumed air, murmured sweet responses to the matin hymn of numerous singing birds, whose joyous notes arose in full chorus from a small woody islet, covered with verdure and watered by a single river, pure and clear, that wound its silver current through a charming little valley, all covered with flowers of the richest tints, still sparkling with the dew-drops of early morning.

13. On the shore stood a young man of wondrous beauty, supporting a youth who was just recovering from a swoon in which he had been rescued from a watery grave. Reginald de Tracey’s cry to God and to Our Lady, and his holy Angel Guardian, had not been uttered in vain. “Mother of Mercy, help!” was mingled with what had seemed his parting breath, as he dropped at the foot of the mast, and he was snatched from the waves at the very moment when he was on the point of sinking to rise no more.



LESSON LXV.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

CAR'OL, a hymn of joy.

SHEP'HERDS, men who tend
sheep.

AZURE, deep bright blue.

WATCH'ERS, persons awake
during the night.MOR'TALS, beings who die,
men and women.MAN'GER, what horses eat
from.REV'ER-ENT, very respect-
ful.SYR'I-AN, belonging to Sy-
ria.

RE-VEAL'ED, shown.

RA'REST, choice, very rare



1. **T**HE moon that now is shining
In skies so blue and bright,
Shone ages since on shepherds
Who watched their flocks by night.

There was no sound upon the earth
The azure air was still,
The sheep in quiet clusters lay
Upon the grassy hill.

2. When, lo! a white winged angel
The watchers stood before,
And told how Christ was born on earth,
For mortals to adore.
He bade the trembling shepherds
Listen, nor be afraid,
And told how in a manger,
The glorious child was laid.

2. When suddenly in the heavens
Appeared an angel-band,
(The while, in reverent wonder,
The Syrian shepherds stand,)
And all the bright host chanted
Words that shall never cease—
“Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good will and peace!”

1. The vision in the heavens
Faded, and all was still,
And the wondering shepherds left their flocks
To feed upon the hill.
Towards the blessed city,
Quickly their course they held,
And, in a lowly stable,
Virgin and Child beheld.

5. Beside an humble manger
Was the Maiden Mother mild,
And in her arms her Son Divine,
A new-born Infant, smiled.
No shade of future sorrow
From Calvary then was cast;
Only the glory was revealed—
The suffering was not passed.
6. The Eastern kings before him knelt,
And rarest offerings brought;
The shepherds worshipped and adored
The wonders God had wrought.
They saw the crown for Israel's King,
The future's glorious part;
But all these things the Mother kept,
And pondered in her heart.
7. Now we that Maiden Mother
The Queen of Heaven call;
And the child we call Our Jesus,
Saviour, and Judge of All!
But the star that shone in Bethlehem
Shines still, and shall not cease
And we listen still to the tidings
Of Glory and of Peace!



LESSON LXVI.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

| | |
|--|--|
| HER'ALD, to go before, to announce. | IN'SECTS, small creeping animals. |
| LAT'I-TUDES, regions, cli- mates. | GUI-A'NA, a country in Africa. |
| MOSS, a rock plant. | TRUM'PET FLOW'ER, one shaped like a bell. |
| SPRITE, a spirit. | |



WITH the advance of spring and the first bright sunny days that herald the approach of summer in our northern latitudes, the garden and the grove becomes alive with a little, gleaming, glancing sprite, that flits from moss to flower, and from flower to budding twig, so swiftly, and yet with such pomp of

color, that you are willing to believe this little visitor "the glittering fragment of a rainbow."

2. There are nearly four hundred different kinds of humming-birds, all of which live in America. Most of them are found in South America, but the one you see in the picture is very common in the United States. Nearly all sorts of humming-birds are very beautiful, so that they have been called "flying diamonds," "sparks of ruby," and "winged gems." Yet, although so beautiful to look at, none of them can sing. It is generally the case, that birds which have the brightest feathers, are the poorest singers.

3. Instead of singing they make a noise with their wings, much like the humming of a top—whence their name. They lay two little white eggs, about the size of a bean, in nests so small, and so blended with the bark of the tree, with its lacework of leaves and lichens, as to seem but a bud on the bough. The tongues of these pretty birds are long tubes, which they can dip into the flowers, and suck the honey which they contain.

4. The best known kind of the humming-bird is the red-throated variety, which is from three to three and one-quarter inches in length, and four and one-quarter inches in breadth, from tip to tip of its wings. The throat of the male bird is ruby-colored, shading into deep black, and to a fiery crimson, and burning orange. The female is without this ornament, but the lower surface of her body and her tail are tipped with white.

5. The food of the humming-bird consists, chiefly, of the sweets drawn from the flowers, though he also

eats many **kinds** of flies and insects. His deadly enemy is **the** horrible black spider, of Guiana, which weaves an immense web, nearly as strong as thread, and shaped like a twisted shell. The poor bird once caught in its meshes is lost. But he has an ally in the big-headed South American ant, which hunts the black spider, and kills him without mercy.

6. A very pleasing feature in the humming-bird is that it will make itself at home in human dwellings. A gentleman had two of them, which he fed on honey-dew; he placed them in a room, within curtains, which prevented them from dashing against the wall, and allowed them to feed on flowering-shrubs.

7. We knew a lady who had a pair of these beautiful little pets, which were so tame that they would light on her finger and drink sugar-water from little tubes which she held between her lips, or placed in a trumpet-flower. It was amusing to see how they would get angry and tear the flower to pieces, if it happened to be faded, or to displease them.

LESSON LXVII.

THE LADY-BIRD AND THE ANT.

| | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| AD-JUST'ED, put in order. | A-MAZ'ED, much alarmed |
| HAUGH'TY, proud. | and surprised. |

1. **T**HE Lady-bird sat in the rose's heart,
 And smiled with pride and scorn,
 As she saw a plain-dressed Ant go by
 With a heavy grain of corn.

So she drew the curtains of damask round,
And adjusted her silken vest,
Making her glass of a drop of dew
That lay in the rose's breast.

2. Then she laughed so loud that the Ant looked up,
And seeing her haughty face,
Took no more notice, but travelled on,
At the same industrious pace.
But a sudden blast of autumn came
And rudely swept the ground,
And down the rose, with the Lady-bird bent,
And scattered its leaves around.

3. Then the houseless Lady was much amazed,
For she knew not where to go—
And hoarse November's early blast
Had brought with it rain and snow.
Her wings were chilled and her feet were cold
And she wished for the Ant's warm cell;
And what she did in the wintry storm,
I am sure I cannot tell.

4. But the careful Ant was in her nest,
With her little ones by her side—
She taught them all like herself to toil,
Nor mind the sneer of pride.
And I thought, as I sat at the close of day,
Eating my bread and milk,
It was wiser to work, and improve my time,
Than be idle and dress in silk.

LESSON LXVIII.

THE DRUMMER-BOY.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| CENTRED, placed entirely in. | REG'I-MENT, a body of soldiers. |
| DIS-EASE', sickness. | BIL'LET-TED, lodged with. |
| PARCH'ED, dried up. | CIT'I-ZENS, dwellers in a city. |
| HARD'SHIP, want, suffering. | TAL'ENTS, parts, ability. |
| FA-TI-GUE', weariness, being tired. | SCHOL'ARS, students. |

SOME fifty years ago, there lived in a quiet little town, a poor husband and wife, whose only comfort in poverty was their solid piety, and whose only hope was centred in an only son. But soon this piety, which had grown ever stronger, and this hope, which had been their prop, were to undergo a severe test. A terrible sickness paid a visit to their humble home, and struck down both father and mother. No sooner had their neighbors discovered what the disease was, than they fled, leaving the poor old couple to their fate. In that time of trial, the only one who remained faithful to them, was their young son, Frederick.

2. He it was, though only fourteen years old, who raised the cup of water to their parched lips, who cooled their hot brows, and did many duties almost beyond the strength of one of his age. The old couple never raised their heads again from the damp pillow; before many days, they breathed forth their

spirits, made pure by the weary sickness, into the hands of Him who made them. And poor little Fred was left, in the wide world, alone.

3. But even in his great distress, when, an orphan, without friends, without money, he was rudely pushed from door to door, he had one comfort left, and that was in the faith his good parents had taken so much pains to teach him. Many a time, in the falling snow, or under the poor shelter of some hedge, or cattle-shed, he would raise his heart and try to pray fervently to the good God, who he felt would one day send him better cheer.

4. Nor was it long before this change, he had always hoped for, came. Worn out by hardship and fatigue, he at last joined a regiment, as drummer-boy, and was sent into a large town, at some distance from his native place. The soldiers of his regiment were billeted on, that is, sent to live with different citizens, while they stayed in that place, and in this way Fred came to be placed in the house of a good Catholic lady. This was the beginning of the reward he was soon to receive for his piety and goodness.

5. In this house he was allowed to join the family-prayers, which were said every night, and thus the lady was soon able to judge what kind of a boy he was. She grew to like him, from seeing how well he always behaved, and used to speak to him in the kindest manner. One day, when they had been talking on the subject of religion, the lady, surprised at how much he knew about such matters, asked him where he was born, and who were his parents.

6. The ways of God are truly wonderful. From

the answers which Fred gave this good lady, she found out that he was no other than the son of her only sister, whom she had not seen for many years, and, in all that time, had never heard anything about her, except that she was living in the town which Fred had mentioned. It was needless to speak of the joy of Fred's good old aunt, nor his own feelings at this happy meeting. The old lady at once bought him off from the army, and sent him to a boarding-school in the town.

7. There he remained two years, studying very hard all the time, after which he was sent to Rome, there to prepare for the great object he had long wished for—to be a priest. He was gifted with great talents, and besides, had such a love for his studies, that he soon came to be known as one of the brightest scholars in his class. The gentleness of manner which he had shown, even in his childhood, did not forsake him now that he had won honours for himself, and he was as much liked as he was respected.

8. Eight years from the time he left his good aunt, he came back to her, as a priest of the Lord. One of the first things he did, after resting from the long journey, was to seek that little town where he had first seen the light, and there, on the altar of the humble church, offer a Mass for the souls of that father and mother to whom he had been so good a son, and who would have been only too proud to have seen their Frederick on that happy day.

LESSON LXIX.

THE MILKMAID.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| POIS'ED, balanced. | SU-PER-CIL'I-OUS-LY, with . |
| MUS'ED, thought. | pride, proudly. |
| PROS'PECTS, hopes for the future. | DE-SCEND'ED, here means fell down. |
| DE-TACH'ED, taken away from the rest. | MOR-AL, instruction taught. GUIN'EA, \$4.66 $\frac{2}{3}$. |

1. **A** MILKMAID, who poised a full pail on her head,

Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said :

"Let me see—I think that this milk will procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

2. "Well, then—stop a bit—it must not be forgotten,
Some of these eggs may be broken, and some may
be rotten ;
But if twenty for accident should be detached,
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

3. "Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens, I
mean :

Of these some may die—we'll suppose seventeen.
Seventeen ! not so many—say ten, at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

4. "But then there's their barley: how much will
they need ?

Why, they take but one grain at a time when they
feed :

So that's a mere trifle. Now, then, let us see—
At a fair market price, how much money they'll be.

5. "Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six,
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix.
Now, what will that make?—fifty chickens I said—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—I'll ask brother
Ned.
6. "Oh, but stop—three-and-six-pence a pair I must
sell 'em;
Well, a pair is a couple—now, then, let us tell 'em:
A couple in fifty will go—(my poor brain!)
Why, just a score of times, and five pair will remain.
7. "Twenty-five pair of fowls—and how tiresome
it is,
That I can't reckon up so much money as this!
Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess
I'll say twenty pounds, and it cannot be less.
8. "Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys, eight pigs and a sow.
Now, if these turn out well at the end of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear."
9. Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
The maid superciliously tossed up her head;
When, alas for her prospects! her milk-pail de-
scended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.
This moral, I think, may be safely attached:
"Reckon not on your chickens before they are
hatched."

LESSON LXX.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER IN JAPAN.

| | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------------|
| EM'PIRE, large country | DOC'TRINES, truths, principles. |
| governed by one man. | |
| EX-TREM'I-TY, last end, | TID'INGS, news, report. |
| farthest part. | MIR'A-CLES, facts out of the |
| FOUND'ER, one who begins | common order. |
| any thing. | IN'FI-DELS, unbelievers. |

JAPAN is a large empire, in the eastern extremity of Asia, opposite China. It embraces several large islands, the chief of which is Nippon. The country is governed by an emperor and many inferior rulers, some of whom are called kings. The people generally are pagans, and worship false Gods, practicing a very degrading kind of religion. They know very little of the true God.

2. In the middle of the fifteenth century, St. Francis Xavier visited Japan in order to make known to the people the truth of our holy faith, and bring them to know the true God. This holy saint was one of the companions of Saint Ignatius, the founder of the great Society of Jesus. He burned with a desire to convert the poor people of Japan. Giving up every thing dear to him at home, he set out for the East, with several other holy priests, whose zeal was like his own.

3. He first sailed for China, and, after staying there some time, he passed over to Japan. He had not

been long there, when he had the pleasure of seeing many and important conversions. God, who led him and his brother priests to that distant land, in a special manner favored their labors. It happened, after they were about six months there, that a young girl died in the flower of her age. Her father, who loved her very tenderly, was almost ready to die of grief. During her sickness, he had made many offerings to the false gods for her, but all in vain; and now, that she was dead, he could not be consoled.

4. Among others who went to visit him, were two men who had been converted to the Christian faith by the preaching of the priests. They told the unhappy father about St. Francis; spoke of his great holiness, of the beautiful doctrines he taught, and advised him to go to the Saint for relief. He did so, and promised Xavier, not only great rewards, but, also, that he would become a Christian.

5. St. Francis, moved by the intense grief of the poor man, retired a few moments with Father Fernandez; and, kneeling together, they prayed that God would bring back to life the dead girl. They then returned, and St. Francis said to the father, "Go, now; your daughter is restored to life." The man, not believing in the truth of the glad news, hastened towards home, and was met on the way by his servants, with the joyful tidings that his daughter was again alive.

6. The father, after tenderly embracing her, asked her how it was that she had been brought back to life. She answered, that after her death she was seized by two hideous spirits, who were dragging her

off to throw her into a lake of fire, when they were met by two holy men, who drove away the spirits, and, taking her kindly by the hand, restored her to life and health. The father then took her to St. Francis and his companion, and, the moment she saw them, she declared them to be the men who had restored her to life.

7. Both the father and daughter then threw themselves at the feet of Xavier, and begged to be taught the Christian faith. This miracle led to the conversion of an immense number of the people, and spread the fame of St. Francis over the whole country. The Saint spent several years longer in visiting various parts of Japan, and preaching, but his labors were now drawing to an end. Towards the close of the year 1552, he sailed in a vessel to Saucian, a small barren island on the coast of China. During the voyage he wrought several miracles.

8. Having come to Saucian, he was seized with a violent fever, which soon reduced him to the last extremity. He foresaw that his last moments were at hand, and told his attendants he should die on the 2d of December. He lingered until that day, and calmly expired, in the 46th year of his age. St. Francis has been, with much reason, called the "Apostle of the Indies."

9. It is said that he baptized with his own hand no less than a million of infidels. From the moment of his conversion to piety, it would seem as if he had vowed to give his whole thought to the work of bringing in souls to God—in acknowledgment of which the Church ranks him as one of her greatest saints.

LESSON LXXI.

EVENING SONG.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| SHADES, darkness, shadows. | TENANTS, those who inhabit, or live in. |
| VALLEY, low place between mountains. | MOURNER, one who mourns. |
| BALMY, fresh, sweet-smelling. | HAUNTED, followed by. |
| | CAPTIVE, a prisoner. |



1. SOFTLY fall the shades of evening,
O'er the valley, hushed and still,
As the sun's last rays are falling,
From the distant western hill.
Balmy mists have lulled to slumber
Weary tenants of the tree;
Stars, in bright and glorious number,
Sparkle on the waveless sea.

2. Softly fall the shades of evening
On the bosom of the deep ;
Winds, in gentle, whispering murmurs,
Woo the sweet wild flowers to sleep.
Far on high the moon ascending,
Sheds on all her peaceful beams,
From her silvery throne she smileth—
Smileth on a world of dreams.
-

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

- 3 Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently :
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest work to leave ;
Pray, ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee !
4. Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart and bend the knee !
5. Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathed now, at set of sun ;

Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
 Weeping on his burial-plain;
 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
 Kindred by one holy tie,
 Heaven's first star alike ye see,
 Lift the heart and bend the knee!

LESSON LXXII.

THE PET LAMB.

| | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| BUTCH'ER, a man who kills animals for food. | MEAD'OWS, smooth, green fields. |
| GRIEV'ED, was sorry. | NEIGH'BOR, one who lives near. |
| FRISK'ING, playing, sport- ing. | SOR'ROWS, griefs, troubles. |

IT was a sad day in the home of poor Jane Brown
 when the butcher came and took away the pretty
 pet lamb, which her little boy and girl loved so much.
 And the mother herself grieved as much as the chil-
 dren, for she knew the lamb was going to be killed,
 and that she should never again see it frisking in the
 green meadows, or playing with her little Ellen before
 the door.

2. It was sad to part with the lamb; but the poor
 mother had no money to buy bread for her children.
 Every thing else had been sold, and at last the dear
 little pet lamb had to be sold, or they must all die of
 hunger. A little while before, Jane Brown and her

children had plenty to eat and drink—and then they had lambs, and sheep, and cows; but the father of the little ones was sick a long time, and all was sold to pay the doctor, and get nice things for him in his illness.



3. At last the sick man died, and his wife and children were very poor. The mother worked hard, and did all she could to give her boy and girl food; but she could not always get work, and then there was hunger in the house—and little Ellen and James cried

and felt very sad, thinking of the good times they used to have when their dear father was with them. But their mother taught them to pray to God, and told them He would send them bread.

4. One day, when neither mother nor children had had any thing to eat for many hours, the poor woman was forced to go to the butcher, and ask him to come and buy Ellen's lamb, for she could not bear to hear the little ones crying with hunger. The butcher came, and bought the lamb—and, in the picture, he is taking it away. James and Ellen are crying and sobbing, the poor mother herself feels very sad, and the lamb is trying to look back at his little play-mates.

5. Even the butcher looks as if he were sorry to take the lamb, for he has drawn his hat down over his eyes, as if to hide the tears that are in them. Ah! what sorrows the poor have to bear, even the children! How little the rich know of such things; if they did, they would try to do more for the poor than they do. If some rich neighbor had given Jane Brown a little help, or got work for her to do, she need not have sold the pretty pet lamb, her children's four-footed friend.

6. But because the rich are so happy, and have every thing they want themselves, very often they do not think of how much the poor have to suffer. If some of these thoughtless people had been by when poor Ellen's pet lamb was being taken away, they would have felt ashamed that, many a time, they spend more, uselessly, than would have been enough to make this poor family happy.

LESSON LXXIII.

A BOY WHO TOLD A LIE.

| | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| SEEM'ED, appeared. | PEN'I-TENT, sorry for doing |
| AF-FEC'TION-ATE, loving. | |

1. **T**HE mother looked pale, and her face was sad;
 She seemed to have nothing to make her glad;
 She silently sat, with the tear in her eye,
 For her dear little boy, who had told a lie.
2. He was a gentle affectionate child—
 His ways were winning, his temper was mild;
 There was love and joy in his soft blue eye,
 But the dear little boy had told a lie.
3. He stood alone by the window within,
 For he felt that his soul was stained with sin,
 And his mother could hear him sob and cry,
 Because he had told her that wicked lie.
4. Then he came and stood by his mother's side,
 And asked for a kiss—which she denied—
 While he promised, with many a penitent sigh,
 That he never would tell another lie.
5. So she bade him before her kneel gently down,
 And took his soft hands within her own;
 And she kissed his cheek, as he looked on high.
 And prayed to be pardoned for telling that lie.

LESSON LXXIV.

KINDNESS AND POLITENESS AT HOME.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| PO-LITE', agreeable, oblig- ing. | GREETINGS, words said when people meet. |
| PRO-FANE', bad, wicked. | CUN'NING, sly, deceitful. |
| MEM'O-RY, the thought of the past. | DRUDG'E-RY, hard, dirty work. |

ABOVE all things, we should be kind and polite at home. Think how many an old man suffers bitterly when he remembers his unkindness to the dear ones, who are, perhaps, long since in the grave. An angry word, that brought a sigh from his mother; an evening's absence, without consent, that made sad his father's heart; a profane word, that brought shame to his sister's cheek; a rude push, that sent his little brother away sobbing in secret, till the tender heart was bursting with grief:—all these rush up before the old man's mind, and he weeps vain salt tears of sorrow.

2. 'Tis but a few years, at most, that we spend together in the family; parents, and, perhaps, brothers and sisters, pass to a better life; and we go forth alone into the world. How sweet may we make the memory of those home days—or how bitter! A cheerful good morning, as we meet on a new day, will give pleasure to all. The kind words and gentle actions of the morning, are pleasant memories for the day. Those at home will wait with joy for the nightfall; the absent ones will often think of the

greetings of the evening, when they shall return from toil; and these thoughts will make many a trouble glide smoothly by.

3. Around them, perhaps, are wicked men, hard work, and they are tired and sick of all their labors; but at home all is neat and cheerful—no cross faces, no short answers, no cunning cheats, no dirt and drudgery. Suddenly they cry out from the depths of their troubled hearts, "This world is not so bad as we feared; there is still a paradise at home; this day will soon be over, and we shall find rest, and peace, and comfort, and a kind welcome from loving hearts. Oh! it is well to have a home, a happy, cheerful home to go to after the toils and troubles of the day!"

4. Be kind to each other!

The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother,
Perchance, may be gone!
Then, midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earned,
The blest recollection
Of kindness—*returned!*

5. When day hath departed,

And memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps!
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove;
Let trifles prevail not
Against those you love.

6. Nor change with to-morrow,
 Should fortune take wing,
 But the deeper the sorrow,
 The closer still cling.
 Oh! be kind to each other,
 The night's coming on,
 When friend and when brother,
 Perchance, may be gone!

LESSON LXXV.

THE TELESCOPE.

| | |
|--|---|
| TEL'E-SCOPE, an instrument for looking at distant objects. | IN'STRU-MENT, that by which anything is ef- fected. |
| AS-TRON'O-MY, the science which teaches of the stars. | BO'DIES, name sometimes given to the stars. |
| IN-VEN'TION, making some- thing before unknown. | VIS'I-BLE, that may be seen. |
| | EX-AM'IN-ING, looking into. |

THERE is a very beautiful science, called astron-
 omy, which teaches us the names of the stars,
 their motions and distances from the earth, and all
 about those bright bodies, which some one has called
 the "Poetry of Heaven." The greatest service that
 was ever rendered to the lovers of this science, was
 the invention of the telescope. Its name shows what
 are its uses, as it comes from two Greek words, mean-
 ing to see at a distance. It was first invented by a
 native of Italy, in the year 1609.

2. Up to that time, of course, people who were fond of gazing at the stars had to gaze at them with the naked eye, or else through instruments which were not much better. The first people whom we read of as taking notice of the stars were shepherds, who, while feeding their flocks, on the open plains, had plenty of time for gazing on the heavenly bodies above. But, of course, they could see them only at an immense distance, and hence very little was known of their true nature, and the order in which they were arranged in the heavens.



3. The telescope enabled men to find out all this, and a great deal more, never dreamt of before its invention. Not only were astronomers now able to bring the stars, which are commonly to be seen in the sky, a great deal closer to their eyes, but they were able to see stars not visible at all to the naked sight. The reason why the telescope helps us to see objects so much more plainly is, firstly, because it makes the object seem a great many times larger than it appears to the naked eye; and, secondly, by collecting a larger beam of light than could enter the

naked eye, and thus making objects visible which before could not be seen at all.

4. The telescope is formed of several tubes, one fitting within the other. At one end is placed the object-glass, and at the other an eye-glass. The former of these serves to gather the beams of light into a point, and form an image of the object; the eye-glass serves to increase its size.

5. One of the great uses of the telescope is at sea, when a ship can be seen by it long before it can be made out by the naked eye; also, in the army it is much used for examining the enemy's works from a distance. Its uses are so many as to make it one of the best inventions of man's brain.



LESSON LXXVI.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

| | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| FER-TILE', Plain, ground | HERD, a number of beasts |
| on which grain grows | altogether, as a herd of |
| plentifully. | deer. |

1. **W**HILE the new years come and the old years go,
 How, little by little, all things grow!
 All things grow, and all decay—
 Little by little passing away.
 Little by little, on fertile plain,
 Ripen the harvests of golden grain.

Waving and flashing in the sun,
When the summer at last is done.

2. Low on the ground an acorn lies—
Little by little it mounts the skies,
Shadow and shelter for wandering herds,
Home for a hundred singing birds.
Little by little the great rocks grew,
Long, long ago, when the world was new.
Slowly and silently, stately and free,
Cities of coral under the sea,
Little by little are builded—while so
The new years come and the old years go.

Little by little all tasks are done—
So are the crowns of the faithful won.
So is Heaven in our hearts begun.
With work and with weeping, with laughter and
play,
Little by little the longest day
And the longest life are passing away—
Passing without return—while so
The new years come and the old years go.



LESSON LXXVII.

THE ANGEL AND THE FLOWERS.

| | |
|--|---|
| LE'GEND, old tale, story. | PEN'E-TRATE, enter, pierce |
| EN-DOW'ED, given. | into. |
| CHO'RUS, a number of voices singing together. | BEN'E-FIT, good coming from any thing. |
| PAN'SY, BUT'TER-CUP, kinds of flowers. | NOSE'GAY, bunch of flow- ers. |
| FRAG'MENTS, pieces, bro- ken parts. | IN'FI-NITE, endless, with- out bounds. |

THEY have a beautiful legend in some of the northern countries of Europe, which we think you will all like very much. It is as follows: Whenever a good child dies an angel from Heaven comes down to earth and takes the dead child in his arms, and flies away over all the places the child has loved, and picks quite a handful of flowers, which he carries up to the Almighty, that they may bloom in Heaven more brightly than upon earth.

2. And the Father presses all the flowers to His heart; but he kisses the flower that pleases Him best, and the flower is then endowed with a voice and can join in a great chorus of praise! "See;"—this is what an angel said, as he carried a dead child up to Heaven, and the child heard, as if in a dream. And they went on over the regions of home, where the little child had played, and came through gardens

with beautiful flowers—"which of these shall we take with us to plant in Heaven?"

3. Now, there stood near them a slender, beautiful rose-bush; but a wicked hand had broken the stem, so that all the branches, covered with half-opened buds, were hanging around, quite withered. "The poor rose-bush!" said the child. "Take it, that it may bloom up yonder."

And the angel took it and kissed the child, and the little one half-opened his eyes. They plucked some of the rich flowers, but also took with them the wild-pansy, and the despised buttercup.

"Now we have flowers," said the child.

4. The angel nodded, but he did not yet fly upwards to Heaven. It was night, and quite silent. They remained in the great city; they floated about there over a small street, where lay whole heaps of straw, ashes, and sweepings, for it had been moving day. There lay fragments of plates, bits of plaster, rags, and old hats, and all this did not look well. And the angel pointed to a few fragments of a flower-pot, and to a lump of earth which had fallen out, and was kept together by the roots of a great dried, field-flower. "We will take that with us," said the angel, "I will tell you why, as we fly onward."

5. "Down yonder, in that narrow lane, in a low cellar, lived a poor sick boy; from his childhood he had not been able to leave his bed. The utmost he could do, was to go up and down the room a few times, on crutches. For a few days in summer the sunbeams would penetrate a few hours, to the ground of the cellar, and when the poor boy sat there

and looked at the red blood, in his thin fingers, as he held them up to the light, he would say, 'Yes; to-day he has been out.'

6. "On a spring-day a neighbor's boy brought him some field flowers, and among them was, by chance, one to which the root was still hanging; and so it was planted in a flower-pot, and placed by the bed, close to the window. The flower had been planted by a skillful hand; and it grew, threw out new shoots, and bore flowers every year. It became a splendid flower-garden to the sick boy—his little treasure here on earth.

7. "He watered it, and tended it, and took care that it had the benefit of every ray of sunlight, and the flower itself was woven into his dreams, for it grew for him, and gladdened his eyes, and spread its fragrance about him; and towards it he turned in death, when the Father called him. He has now been dead a year. For a year the flower stood forgotten and withered in the window, and at moving-time it was thrown out into the street. And this is the poor flower which we have taken into our nosegay; for it has given more joy than the richest in a queen's garden."

8. "But how do you know all this?" asked the child.

"I know it," said the angel, "for I, myself was that boy who walked on crutches! I know my flowers well."

And the child opened his eyes and looked into the glorious, happy face of the angel; and, at the same moment, they entered the regions where there is

peace and joy. The Father pressed the dead child to His bosom, and then it received wings like the angel, and flew hand in hand with him.

9. And the Almighty kissed the dry, withered field-flower, and it received a voice, and sang with the angels hovering around—some near, and some in wider circles, and some in infinite distance, but all equally happy. And they all sang, little and great—the good, happy child, and the poor field-flower that had lain there withered, thrown among the dust, in the rubbish of the moving-day, in the dark, narrow lane.



LESSON LXXVIII.

THE BEGGARMAN.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| DWIN'DLED, grown small, short. | RES'T-DENCE, place of abode. |
| TAT'TER-ED, ragged. | GRAND'EUR, greatness. |
| HOA'RY, gray with age. | IN-FIRM', weak, sickly |
| CHAN'NEL, what a stream flows in. | PAM'PER-ED, well fed. |
| AS'PECT, appearance. | ME'NI-AL, a servant. |
| | RE-PREST', put down. |

1. **P**ITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to
your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest space—
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your
store.

2. These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years,
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
 Has been the channel to a stream of tears.



- 3 Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
 With tempting aspect, drew me from my road,
For Plenty there a residence has found,
 And Grandeur a most fair and proud abode.

THE BEGGARMAN.

4. (Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)
Here, craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial drove me from the door,
To seek a shelter in an humble shed.
5. Oh! take me to your kindly, warm abode;
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor, and lone, and weak, and old.
6. Should I reveal the source of every grief,
If soft compassion ever touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repress.
7. Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we re-
pine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see;
And your condition may be soon like mine—
The child of sorrow and of misery.
8. A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn;
But ah! oppression forced me from my cot—
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.
9. My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wild stage,
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.
10. My tender wife, sweet soother of my care
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, lingering fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

11. Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
 door,
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span—
 Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your
 store.

LESSON LXXIX.

THE ELEPHANT.

| | |
|---|--|
| I'VO-RY, a hard, white substance. | SUC'TION, drawing up. |
| E-LONG-A'TED, stretched out, made long. | BULBS, roots of a round form. |
| FLEX'I-BLE, easily moved or bent. | TRACTS, spaces, portions. |
| PRO-JEC'TION, something sticking out. | TIGER, fierce wild beast found in India. |
| NOS'TRILS, divisions of the nose. | TAM'ED, made mild or docile. |
| | TEN'DER-NESS., mildness. |
| | DIS-CHARGE', fling. |

ONE of the noblest as well as largest of animals is the elephant. It is an inhabitant of India and Africa, and differs, in some ways, in each of these countries. One of the chief differences between the Indian and the African elephant, is that the female of the latter kind, as well as the male, is provided with tusks. These tusks, by the way, or immense teeth, placed at each side of the animal's mouth, are one of its chief marks, and, being of ivory, are worth

a great deal of money. The elephant is often hunted for the sake of them.



2. Another very odd-looking feature about the elephant, is the great elongated nose or trunk, which hangs down between his tusks. His neck is so short that he could not reach his food or drink, without this long trunk, which is certainly a wonderful organ. It is so flexible that the elephant can use it like a hand; on the end of it is a small finger-like projection, which serves for feeling, and also for picking up small objects.

3. With his trunk the elephant gathers his food and puts it into his mouth. He also drinks through his trunk, by drawing up the water into its two nostrils, and turning the end into his mouth, pouring in the water. Sometimes, too, he gives himself a shower-bath by filling his trunk, and then throwing

the water from it over his body. Through the trunk, moreover, he sends forth his trumpet-like voice. This organ is not only a hand, a forcing and suction pump, and a trumpet, but it is also the animal's nose. He can shorten, lengthen, or coil it up at will.

4. The food of the elephant consists of the branches, leaves, and roots of trees, and also of a variety of bulbs, which, when buried in the earth, he can detect by his very fine sense of smell. To dig them up he uses his tusks, and it is said that whole acres may be seen thus ploughed up. When he has rooted up the bulbs he takes one up, then curling the end of his trunk round it, carries it to his mouth. The quantity of food which elephants eat must be very great, as we are told they pass the greater part of the day and night in feeding.

5. The elephant does not confine himself to one place for life, but roams over large tracts of country, always seeking the best and freshest spots in the forests. They go together in large herds, numbering sometimes hundreds, or even thousands. The Indian elephant has been tamed, and is much used by the people in travelling, and also in hunting the tiger; but very few of the African elephants have been tamed. When untamed, these animals have such a horror of man, that it is said a child can put whole herds to flight merely by passing within their range of smell.

6. They choose for their dwelling places the most lonely depths of the forests. In dry and warm weather they visit the streams almost nightly, but in cool weather, only drink once every third or fourth day.

THE ELEPHANT.

The drinking-place is generally from twelve to twenty miles distant. The elephant, if not annoyed or insulted, is docile and gentle, becoming sometimes very much attached to his keeper. Even in a wild state, it is not a fierce animal, except when hungry, or when attacked; though, if injured, it rarely fails to take revenge, still, as a rule, its temper is good, and it often shows itself capable of much kindness and tenderness.

7. A story is told, in India, of a tame elephant wandering one day through a town, when a man, who had committed a theft, sought refuge from those who were chasing him, under the elephant. Pleased with the man's confidence, the noble animal faced about to the crowd and would not allow any one to come near. Even his keeper could not prevail on him to give up the thief. For three hours he stood on guard, until the governor, hearing of the case, came and pardoned the man. The elephant seemed then to understand what had happened, for, when the man had embraced him, he at once grew tame.

8. In ancient times they put the elephant to a curious use, as you will say, when you learn that he was made to go into battles, for the purpose of carrying men. Of course, the men were not exposed to the dangers of the battle, from which they were protected by little houses set upon the animal's back. Out of these they could discharge their weapons at the enemy with a great deal more effect than if they had been fighting on foot. This custom was once very general, but, as time rolled on, fell into disuse, and now is only a matter of history.

LESSON LXXX.

CHILDREN IN THE COUNTRY.

| | |
|---|--|
| HEDGE, a row of bushes thickly set together. | A-NE'MO-NES, pretty spring flowers. |
| SHEATHS, covers that slip on. | WOOD'LAND, forest. |
| EL'DER, a kind of bush. | MOULD'ER-ING, crumbling away. |
| NIB'BLING, biting with very small teeth. | AN'CIENT, old. GLOOM'Y, dark. |

1. **W**E had a pleasant walk to-day,
Over the meadows and far away,
Across the bridge by the water-mill,
By the wood-side, and up the hill;
And if you listen to what I say,
I'll tell you what I saw to-day.
2. Amid a hedge, where the first leaves
Were peeping from their sheaths so sly,
We saw four eggs within a nest,
And they were blue as a summer sky.
An elder-branch dipped in the brook---
We wondered why it moved, and found
A silken-haired, smooth water-rat
Nibbling, and swimming round and round
3. Where daisies opened to the sun,
In a broad meadow, green and white.
The lambs were racing eagerly--
We never saw a prettier sight.

We saw upon the shady banks,
Long rows of golden flowers shine,
And first mistook for buttercups,
The star-shaped yellow celandine.



4. Ane'mones and primroses,
And the blue violets of spring,
We found, while listening by a hedge,
To hear a merry ploughman sing.

And from the earth the plough turned up
 There came a sweet, refreshing smell,
 Such as the lily of the vale
 Sends forth from many a woodland dell.

5. We saw the yellow wall-flowers wave
 Upon a mouldering castle wall;
 And then we watched the busy rooks
 Among the ancient elm trees tall.
 And, leaning from the old stone bridge,
 Below we saw our shadows lie;
 And, through the gloomy arches, watched
 The swift and fearless swallows fly.

LESSON LXXXI.

THE BIRTH OF OUR LORD.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| SEA'SON, the time. | DE-SCEND'ANTS, children |
| JU-DE'A, a small country in Asia. | and grandchildren. |
| SCRIPTURE, Holy Writ, the Bible. | PRO-CEED'ED, went on. |
| MAN'DATE, a command. | KINS'FOLK, relations. |
| EN-ROLL'ED, entered on a list. | AP-PROACH'ES, comes near |
| | RE-SOLVE', make up their minds to. |
| | DREARY, cheerless. |

AMIDST the pleasures and delights of Christmas our young readers must not forget that the birth of Our Divine Lord is the true source of all the joys of the season; and while they celebrate this holy festival, they should go in spirit to the plains of

Judea, and read over the account of what occurred at the birth of their Infant Saviour.

2. At the time when that great event took place, the world was at peace. Cæsar Augustus was ruler over all; from his imperial palace, at Rome, his power extended over many nations, and so vast was his empire, that, in the words of Scripture, he ordered "the whole world to be enrolled." The Jews heard his mandate, and repaired to the appointed places to be enrolled by the Roman officer.

3. Saint Joseph and the Blessed Virgin, his spouse, set out for Bethlehem, to be enrolled with the descendants of the royal house of David. The year was now far advanced, and the cold chilling blasts of December greeted them as they proceeded on their journey. Arrived at the village, they went to the inn, in the hopes of finding rest and shelter.

4. But it was in vain that they sought for lodgings, there was no room for them; in vain did they appeal to the charity of their kinsfolk of the royal house of David; there was no one to give them a welcome. Neither Mary's youth and beauty, nor the sore need in which she was, could touch the heart of a single mother in Bethlehem. The night approaches, and Mary, the Virgin ever Blessed, with Saint Joseph, stand in the lonely streets, uncertain where to go, not knowing where to find a shelter to protect them from the bitter cold of that winter night.

5. At last they leave the town, and, going a short distance, they arrive at a cave which was used as a stable. The holy pair enter this dreary abode, and here resolve to pass the night. In this lonely stable,

with the night winds howling all around, with no other company than the beasts of the field, an ox and an ass, the Saviour of the world was born. Mary pressed Him fondly to her bosom, and, wrapping Him in some of her own clothing, laid Him in the manger.

LESSON LXXXII.

TRUST IN GOD.

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| SWAL'LOW, a bird that flies | GOLD'EN, like gold. |
| southward in winter. | QUENCH'ED, put out—said |
| ER'MINE, a very soft white | of lights. |
| fur. | OVER-CAST', clouded. |

1. **W**HERE are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance, upon some bleak and stormy shore,
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.
2. The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the sunny sky
That soon (for spring is nigh)
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

3. Fair hope is dead, and light
 Is quenched in night.
 What sound can break the silence of despair?
 O doubting heart!
 The sky is overcast,
 Yet stars shall rise at last,
 Brighter for darkness past,
 And angels' silver voices stir the air.



LESSON LXXXIII.

OLD CHURCHES.

| | |
|--|---|
| CATH-E'DRAL, the church of a bishop. | CHOIR, place for the singers. |
| AC-CUS'TOM-ED, used to familiar with. | RE-PRE-SENTS', sets forth, paints. |
| EX-TER'IOR, outside. | SUL-PI'CI-ANS, an Order founded by Father Olier, |
| AS'PECT, look, appearance. | a French priest. |

IN old times, when the whole of the known world was Catholic, the people built a great many large churches, many of which were made of such good and strong materials that they have remained to the present day. We, who are accustomed only to the churches we see in our cities and towns, can form but little idea of the immense size and strange aspect of these old cathedrals. They seem, as they are, like things of another day, which Time, in his restless march, had forgotten.

2. One of the most remarkable of these ancient

churches is that of Notre-Dame, or Our Lady, in Paris, built on an island, in the river which runs through the city. It is very old, having been commenced in the twelfth century, nearly seven hundred years ago. We learn from history that it took almost two hundred years to build it, for they did such things slowly in those days. Its walls are of immense thickness, and the three hundred columns, from which spring the arches supporting the roof and galleries, are also of great size, and each formed of a single block of stone.

3. In the ancient city of York, in England, there is one of these great cathedrals which occupied nearly a hundred years in building. The exterior of this church is much more beautiful than that of the cathedral of Paris. A curious fact in its history is, that in the year 1829, it was near being destroyed by fire.

4. A person who was passing through the yard, on that morning, happened to fall on his back, and, before he could rise, saw smoke coming from the roof. When the doors were opened, the wood-work of the choir was found to be in flames; they soon spread to the roof, which shortly fell in—and the organ also was burnt. The fire was found to have been the work of a crazy man, named Martin.

5. We have, in our own country, in the city of Montreal, a church built on the model of these grand temples of the Old World. The picture on the opposite page represents this noble church; it, too, is called Notre-Dame. It stands in the Place d'Armes, in Montreal. In front there are three immense arches, through which you pass into the church, and at once



you would think yourself in one of the old cathedrals of Europe. There are five aisles extending the full length of the church.

6. At the end of the middle aisle is the high altar, on each side of which is a smaller one. In each of the side aisles stand two altars, and one on either side the portals, or great doors, making in all nine. You will see here the rare spectacle of several Masses going on at the same time. * The stained window over the great altar is very beautiful, especially when the light streams through it, reflecting the varied colors on the floor below. The towers, on the outside, rise to a great height; you can ascend them by winding-

stairs, but so high are they, that you grow dizzy long before the top is reached. In one of the towers there is a very large bell.

7. This grand church belongs to the Sulpicians, who, at one time, owned the whole Island of Montreal, and who built Notre Dame, in the present century. There stood once, on the same place, a very old church, which was taken down to make room for this one, which, although not very old, when compared with the cathedrals of Europe, still looks as though it were built hundreds of years ago.

LESSON LXXXIV.

THE PEARLS.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| FAINT'ING, growing faint, sinking. | MOOR, a native of a country in Africa called Morocco. |
| HOR'ROR, dread, disgust. | |
| VAL'UE, the worth of. | DIS-PO'SES, arranges. |
| CROWNS. foreign coin. | MIS-FOR'TUNE, calamity. |

A TRAVELLER had lost his way in a desert, in a distant country. For two whole days he could find nothing to eat or drink, and was almost fainting from hunger and thirst. At last he reached a shady tree and a fresh spring; but alas! there was no fruit on the tree! A little bag, however, was lying by the spring. "God be praised!" said the man, as he felt the bag; "perhaps these are peas, which will save me from dying of hunger."

2. He eagerly opened the bag, but cried out in horror, "Alas! alas! they are only pearls!"

The poor man seemed fated to perish of hunger, while there lay at his side, pearls the value of many thousand crowns!

Still he prayed with his whole heart to God, and very soon he saw a Moor coming towards him at great speed on a camel. The Moor had forgotten the pearls behind him, and was rejoiced to find them again.

3. He pitied the poor half-starved man, gave him some bread and refreshing fruit, and took him up behind him on the camel.

"See," said the Moor, "how God disposes of all! I thought it a misfortune to lose my pearls, but it was a happy event for you; for God so ordered it, that I was obliged to come back hither, and thus have been the means of saving your life."

Trust in the Lord, His saving arm
Will shield thee against every harm.

LESSON LXXXV.

THE PIN.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| WEDG'ED, shut up, driven into. | RE-SIGN'ED, contented with our lot. |
| HOARD, to save in a mi- serly way. | UN-FORE-SEEN', not known beforehand. |

1. **D**EAR me! what signifies a pin,
Wedged in a rotten board;
I'm certain that I won't begin
At ten years old to hoard!

I never will be called a miser—
That I'm determined," said Eliza.

2. So onward tripped the little maid,
And left the pin behind,
Which very snug and quiet laid,
To its hard fate resigned;
Nor did she think, (the careless chit),
'Twas worth her while to stoop for it.
3. Next day a party was to ride
To see an air balloon;
And all the company beside
Were dressed and ready soon;
But she a woeful case was in,
For want of just a single pin!
4. In vain her eager eyes she brings,
To every darksome crack;
There was not one, and all her things
Were dropping off her back.
She looked her pin-cushion all through,
But not a pin appeared in view.
5. At last, as hunting round the floor,
Over a crack she lay—
The carriage rattled to the door,
Then rattled fast away.
But poor Eliza was not in,
For want of just—one single pin!
6. There's hardly any thing so small,
So trifling, or so mean,

That we may never want at all,
 For service unforeseen.
 And wilful waste, depend upon't,
 Is, almost always, woeful want !

LESSON LXXXVI.

THE SABBATH.

| | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| SABBATH, Sunday. | JE-HO'VAH, Hebrew name |
| PER-VADES', mingles with. | for God. |
| SANCTI-FIED, made holy. | PEN'SIVE, thoughtful. |
| COM'MERCE, business. | HOM'AGE, honor, worship. |



HOW calmly breaks the Sabbath morn, showing
 by the unbroken quiet that pervades all nature,
 that this is a day of rest, sanctified and blessed by
 the decrees of Heaven. The bustle of trade is hushed,
 the tumult of commerce is stilled ; every living being
 shares in the deep repose ; care seems almost to have
 left those who daily feel its bitterness, in the joy the

return of this blessed day brings to their wearied spirits.

2. The gentle sound of the bells, as they call the Christian to worship the Creator of the universe, is pleasing to the ear, and bears with it a hallowed feeling. How lovely it is to an attentive observer, to see with what care this Sabbath of the Lord is kept; to behold group after group wending their way to the temple of Jehovah. Beautiful appears this holy calm, that makes this day so different from all others.

3. From the first dawn of morning, when the golden lustre of the sun beams with a gentle ray over the silent abodes of man, to twilight's pensive hour, when we return thanks to the Giver of all good for His countless blessings, and pray for a renewal of them on the morrow; even in the deep watches of the night comes the thought that this is the day which the Lord God has appointed for His own service, not by outward show, or prayer uttered by the lips—oh, no; God requires more.

4. "Son, give me thy heart," are the words from His own most sacred mouth, and if, with the humble faith of the Christian, we present our hopes before the Throne of His Divine Majesty, he will be sure to accept it. And when, with trusting hearts, we repair to His holy temple, and offer Him the homage of our being and our life, oh! think you not that His holy Spirit hovers around us and accepts our prayers? For He has said, "when two or three are gathered together in my name, lo! I am in the midst of them." Oh! may he be ever with us, directing us in His holy law!

LESSON LXXXVII.

THE FRIENDS AFTER DEATH.

| | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| RE-LA'TED, told. | GOVERN-MENT, ruling a |
| PAR'A-BLE, a story that | country. |
| teaches something. | RE-LI'ANCE, hope, trust. |
| VICE'ROY, a governor sent | CON-FID'ED, trusted in. |
| by a king. | OB-TAIN'ED, gained. |
| SUM'MON-ED, called to go | O-MIS'SIONS, things not |
| any where. | done. |
| REN'DER, to give. | SCATH'LESS, unharmed. |

A FATHER once related to his children the following parable: The viceroy of a certain island was once summoned by his lord, the king, to render an account of his government. Those of his friends on whom he had placed the greatest reliance suffered him to depart, and did not move from their place; others, in whom he had not a little confided, went with him only as far as the ship; but some, in whom he had scarcely trusted at all, went with him through the whole of his long journey, even to the king's throne, spoke in his favor, and obtained for him the king's pardon.

2. The children did not understand who these friends could be. Their father, therefore, said: "Man also has three kinds of friends on earth; which, however, for the most part, he does not learn to know rightly till the time when he is called from this world to give account of his actions and omissions. The

first class of these friends, wealth and property, remain behind. The second, his relations, go with him only to the grave.

3. The third, his good works, follow him into eternity, even to the throne of God, where it will be "rendered to each according to his works," and where even the cup of cold water which is given to one who thirsts, will not be without its reward.

How foolishly, then, does the man act who does not concern himself in the least degree about these true friends!

Store up good, while yet you may,
For the all-important day;
Good alone survives the tomb,
Scathless in the general doom.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

| | |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| PETALS, the leaves of flowers. | SEA'-GIRT, surrounded by the sea. |
| BRIL'LIANT, bright. | HEAVE, to rise up. |
| RIP'PLES, moves along with a gentle motion. | BIL'LOWS, waves. |
| MIGHT'Y, powerful. | CRE-A'TION, the whole world. |

1. **T**HERE'S beauty in the summer eve,
When flowers their petals fold,
When eastern skies are wrapt in gloom,
And western clouds in gold

- 2 There's beauty in the brilliant stars
That gem the purple sky.
As dance their image on the brook
That slowly ripples by.
3. There's beauty in the mighty storm
Along the sea-girt shore,
Where heave the rolling billows high,
And pealing thunders roar.
4. There's beauty in deep solitude,
In ocean, earth, and air;
On mountain peak, in shady grove,
Creation all is fair.
5. There's beauty in the song of birds,
On spray or verdant sod:
In every clime, from pole to pole,
These beauties tell of God.

LESSON LXXXIX.

THE DOG OF ORTE.

| | |
|---|--|
| L'IVES, a fruit which grows in warm countries. | BLAN'KET, woollen bed- covering. |
| VINES, creeping plants on which grapes grow. | EN-OR'MOUS, very large. STRAN'GLED, choked. |
| MAT'TRESS, a bed made of straw or hair. | FRIGHT'EN-ED, terrified, suddenly alarmed. |

I N the severe and too-memorable winter of 1709,
I when the wheat, olives, vines, and fruit-trees were
frozen in France, the wolves committed frightful

ravages in the interior of that country, and even attacked men. One of these fierce animals, after having broken a window, got through it into a little cottage, in the forest of Orte. Two children, one six and the other eight years old, lay on the bed, awaiting the return of their mother, who was gone to gather some wood to make a fire.

2. Seeing no one else about, the wolf leaped upon the bed to devour his tender prey. Seized with fright the two boys slipped under the mattress, and there lay flat, without breathing. So near the flesh and not able to reach it as soon as he would have liked, the savage beast became more excited, and began to tear the blanket and bed-clothes to shreds.

3. Whilst the enraged wolf was seeking the boys an enormous mastiff, which had followed its mistress into the wood, came to the rescue. The dog had caught the scent at some distance from the houses, to which the villagers, with arms filled with wood, were slowly walking. Running like a deer, he entered the hut, and falling upon the wolf, seized him by the throat and strangled him.

4. Let any one picture to himself the state of the poor mother, when she returned to her humble home. She sees at her feet a dead wolf—her dog, covered with blood—the bed all tossed—her children no more. But the noble dog came towards her, as though he would say, "Come!" and returning to the bed, stuck his head under the mattress. The poor woman took the hint, and turning up the bed, there lay the objects of her anxiety, alive, but frightened almost out of their lives

